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OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

DRYDEN, GARTH, CROXALL,
AND OTHERS.


VOL. III.

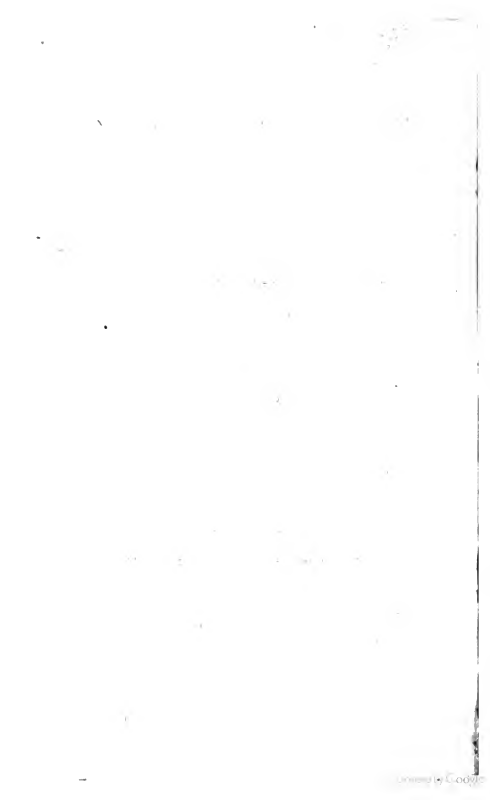
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CONTENTS.

VOL. III.

BOOK X.

	<u>Page</u>
The Story of Orpheus and Eurydice, by Congreve.....	5
The Fable of Cyparissus, by the same.....	10
continued by Croxall	12
Hyacinthus transformed into a Flower, by Ozell.....	13
The Transformation of the Cerastæ and Propoetides, by the same.....	15
The Story of Pygmalion and the Statue, by Dryden....	16
The Story of Cinyras and Myrrha, by the same.....	19
The Story of Venus and Adonis, by Eusden.....	31

BOOK XI.

The Death of Orpheus, by Croxall	42
The Thracian Women transformed to Trees, by the same	45
The Fable of Midas, by the same.....	46
The Building of Troy, by the same.....	51
The Story of Thetis and Peleus, &c. by the same.....	52
The Transformation of Dædalion, by the same.....	54
A Wolf turned into Marble, by the same.....	57
The Story of Ceyx and Alcyone, by Dryden.....	59
The House of Sleep, by the same.. ..	68
Æacus transformed into a Cormorant, by the same	74

BOOK XII.

BY DRYDEN.

The Trojan War.....	76
The House of Fame.....	79
The Story of Cygnus	80
The Story of Cæneus	84
The Skirmish between the Centaurs and Lapithites.....	86
The Story of Cyllarus and Hylonome	93
Cæneus transformed to an Eagle	96
The Fate of Periclymenos.....	99
The Death of Achilles.....	101

CONTENTS.

BOOK XIII.

	Page
The Speeches of Ajax and Ulysses, by Dryden.	104
The Death of Ajax, by the same.....	122
The Story of Polyxena and Hecuba, by Temple Stanyan ..	ib.
The Funeral of Memnon, by Croxall.....	129
The Voyage of Æneas, by Catcott.....	132
The Story of Acis, Polyphemus, and Galatea, by Dryden ..	137
The Story of Glaucus and Scylla, by Rowe.....	144

BOOK XIV.

BY DR. GARTH.

The Transformation of Scylla.....	148
The Voyage of Æneas continued.....	150
The Transformation of Cercopians into Apes.....	ib.
Æneas descends to Hell.....	151
The Story of the Sibyl.....	152
The Adventures of Achæmenides.....	153
The Adventures of Macareus.....	154
The Enchantments of Circe.....	ib.
The Story of Picus and Canens.....	156
Æneas arrives in Italy.....	160
The Adventures of Diomedes.....	161
The Transformation of Appulus.....	162
The Trojan Ships transformed to Sea-Nymphs.....	ib.
The Deification of Æneas.....	164
The Line of the Latian Kings.....	165
The Story of Vertumnus and Pomona ..	166
The Story of Iphis and Anaxarete.....	168
The Latian Line continued.....	170
The Assumption of Romulus.....	171
The Assumption of Hersilia.....	172

BOOK XV.

The Pythagorean Philosophy, by Dryden.....	174
The Story of Hippolytus, by Catcott.....	196
Egeria transformed to a Fountain, by the same	198
The Story of Cippus, by Dr. Garth.....	199
The Occasion of Æsculapius being brought to Rome, by Welsted.....	201
The Deification of Julius Cæsar, by the same.....	206
The Reign of Augustus, in which Ovid flourished, by the same.....	211
The Poet concludes, by the same.....	212

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK X.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

BY CONGREVE.

**THENCE, in his saffron robe, for distant Thrace,
 Hymen departs through air's unmeasur'd space;
 By Orpheus call'd, the nuptial power attends,
 But with ill-omen'd augury descends;
 Nor cheerful look'd the god, nor prosperous spoke,
 Nor blaz'd his torch, but wept in hissing smoke.
 In vain they whirl it round, in vain they shake,
 No rapid motion can its flames awake.**

**With dread these inauspicious signs were view'd,
 And soon a more disastrous end ensued;
 For as the bride, amid the Naiad train,
 Ran joyful, sporting o'er the flowery plain,
 A venom'd viper bit her as she pass'd;
 Instant she fell, and sudden breath'd her last.**

**When long his loss the Thracian had deplor'd,
 Not by superior powers to be restor'd;
 Inflam'd by love, and urg'd by deep despair,
 He leaves the realms of light, and upper air;
 Daring to tread the dark Tenarian road,
 And tempt the shades in their obscure abode**

Through gliding spectres of the' interr'd to go,
And phantom people of the world below :
Persephonè he seeks, and him who reigns
O'er ghosts, and hell's uncomfortable plains.
Arriv'd, he, tuning to his voice his strings,
Thus to the king and queen of shadows sings :—

‘ Ye powers, who under earth your realms extend,
To whom all mortals must one day descend ;
If here 'tis granted sacred truth to tell,
I come not, curious, to explore your hell ;
Nor come to boast (by vain ambition fir'd)
How Cerberus at my approach retir'd.
My wife alone I seek ; for her lov'd sake
These terrors I support, this journey take.
She luckless wandering, or by fate misled,
Chanc'd on a lurking viper's crest to tread ;
The vengeful beast inflam'd with fury starts,
And through her heel his deathful venom darts.
Thus was she snatch'd untimely to her tomb ;
Her growing years cut short, and springing bloom.
Long I my loss endeavour'd to sustain,
And strongly strove, but strove, alas ! in vain :
At length I yielded, won by mighty love :
Well known is that omnipotence above !
But here, I doubt, his unfelt influence fails ;
And yet a hope within my heart prevails,
That here, ev'n here, he has been known of old ;
At least if truth be by tradition told ;
If fame of former rapes belief may find,
You both by love, and love alone, were join'd.
Now by the horrors which these realms surround ;
By the vast chaos of these depths profound ;
By the sad silence which eternal reigns
O'er all the waste of these wide-stretching plains ;

Let me again Eurydicè receive,
Let fate her quickspun thread of life re-weave.
All our possessions are but loans from you,
And soon or late you must be paid your due :
Hither we haste to human-kind's last seat,
Your endless empire, and our sure retreat.
She too, when ripen'd years she shall attain,
Must, of avoidless right, be yours again :
I, but the transient use of that require,
Which soon, too soon, I must resign entire.
But if the destinies refuse my vow,
And no remission of her doom allow ;
Know, I'm determin'd to return no more ;
So both retain, or both to life restore.'

Thus, while the bard melodiously complains,
And to his lyre accords his vocal strains,
The very bloodless shades attention keep,
And, silent, seem compassionate to weep ;
Ev'n Tantalus his flood unthirsty views,
Nor flies the stream, nor he the stream pursues ;
Ixion's wondering wheel its whirl suspends,
And the voracious vulture, charm'd, attends ;
No more the Belides their toil bemoan,
And Sisyphus, reclin'd, sits listening on his stone.

Then first ('tis said) by sacred verse subdued,
The Furies felt their cheeks with tears bedew'd.
Nor could the rigid king or queen of hell,
The' impulse of pity in their hearts repel.

Now, from a troop of shades that last arriv'd,
Eurydicè was call'd, and stood reviv'd :
Slow she advanc'd, and halting seem'd to feel
The fatal wound, yet painful in her heel.
Thus he obtains the suit so much desir'd,
On strict observance of the terms requir'd :

For if, before he reach the realms of air,
He backward cast his eyes to view the fair,
The forfeit grant, that instant, void is made,
And she for ever left a lifeless shade.

Now through the noiseless throng their way
they bend,
And both with pain the rugged road ascend ;
Dark was the path, and difficult, and steep,
And thick with vapours from the smoky deep.
They well nigh now had pass'd the bounds of night,
And just approach'd the margin of the light,
When he, mistrusting lest her steps might stray,
And gladsome of the glimpse of dawning day,
His longing eyes, impatient, backward cast,
To catch a lover's look, but look'd his last ;
For, instant dying, she again descends,
While he to empty air his arm extends.
Again she died, nor yet her lord reprov'd ;
What could she say, but that too well he lov'd ?
One last ' farewell ' she spoke, which scarce he
heard ;

So soon she drop'd, so sudden disappear'd.

All stun'd he stood, when thus his wife he view'd
By second fate and double death subdued :
Not more amazement by that wretch was shown,
Whom Cerberus beholding turn'd to stone ;
Nor Ollenus could more astonish'd look,
When on himself Lethea's fault he took,
His beauteous wife, who too secure had dar'd
Her face to vie with goddesses compar'd :
Once join'd by love, they stand united still,
Turn'd to contiguous rocks on Ida's hill.

Now to repass the Styx in vain he tries ;
Charon, averse, his pressing suit denies,

Seven days entire, along the' infernal shores,
Disconsolate, the bard Eurydicè deplores ;
Defil'd with filth his robe, with tears his cheeks,
No sustenance but grief and cares he seeks :
Of rigid fate incessant he complains,
And hell's inexorable gods arraigns.
This ended, to high Rhodopè he hastes,
And Hæmus' mountain, bleak with northern blasts.

And now his yearly race the circling sun
Had thrice complete through watery Pisces run,
Since Orpheus fled the face of womankind,
And all soft union with the sex declin'd.
Whether his ill success this change had bred,
Or binding vows made to his former bed :
Whate'er the cause, in vain the nymphs contest,
With rival eyes, to warm his frozen breast ;
For every nymph with love his lays inspir'd,
But every nymph, repuls'd, with grief retir'd.

A hill there was, and on that hill a mead,
With verdure thick, but destitute of shade,
Where now the Muse's son no sooner sings,
No sooner strikes his sweet resounding strings,
But distant groves the flying sounds receive,
And listening trees their rooted stations leave :
Themselves transplanting, all around they grow,
And various shades their various kinds bestow.
Here, tall Chaöonian oaks their branches spread,
While weeping poplars there erect their head :
The foodful Esculus here shoots his leaves ;
That turf soft lime-tree ; this, fat beech receives :
Here brittle hazels, laurels here advance,
And there tough ash to form the hero's lance ;
Here silver firs with knotless trunks ascend,
There scarlet oaks beneath their acorns bend.

That spot admits the hospitable plane ;
On this, the maple grows with clouded grain ;
Here watry willows are with lotus seen ;
There tamarisk and box for ever green.
With double hue here myrtles grace the ground,
And laurestines with purple berries crown'd.
With pliant feet now ivies this way wind,
Vines yonder rise, and elms with vines entwin'd.
Wild Ornus now, the pitch-tree next takes root,
And Arbutus adorn'd with blushing fruit.
Then easy-bending palms, the victor's prize,
And pines erect with bristled tops arise.
For Rhea grateful still the pine remains,
For Atys still some favour she retains ;
He once in human shape her breast had warm'd,
And now is cherish'd, to a tree transform'd.

THE FABLE OF CYPARISSUS.

Amid the throng of this promiscuous wood,
With pointed top, the taper cypress stood ;
A tree, which once a youth, and heavenly fair,
Was of that deity the darling care,
Whose hand adapts, with equal skill, the strings
To bows with which he kills, and harps to which
he sings.

For heretofore a mighty stag was bred,
Which on the fertile fields of Cæa fed ;
In shape and size he all his kind excell'd,
And to Carthæan nymphs was sacred held.
His beamy head, with branches high display'd,
Afforded to itself an ample shade ;
His horns were gilt, and his smooth neck was
grac'd
With silver collars thick with gems enchas'd :

A silver boss upon his forehead hung,
And brazen pendants in his ear-rings rung.
Frequenting houses, he familiar grew,
And learnt by custom nature to subdue ;
Till by degrees, of fear and wildness broke,
Ev'n stranger hands his proffer'd neck might stroke.

Much was the beast by Cæa's youth caress'd,
But thou, sweet Cyparissus ! lov'dst him best :
By thee to pastures fresh he oft was led,
By thee oft water'd at the fountain's head :
His horns with garlands now by thee were tied,
And now thou on his back wouldst wanton ride :
Now here, now there, wouldst bound along the
plains,

Ruling his tender mouth with purple reins.

'Twas when the summer sun, at noon of day,
Through glowing Cancer shot his burning ray,
'Twas then the favourite stag, in cool retreat,
Had sought a shelter from the scorching heat ;
Along the grass his weary limbs he laid,
Inhaling freshness from the breezy shade :
When Cyparissus with his pointed dart,
Unknowing, pierc'd him to the panting heart.
But when the youth, surpris'd, his error found,
And saw him dying of the cruel wound,
Himself he would have slain through desperate
grief ;

What said not Phœbus, that might yield relief !
To cease his mourning he the boy desir'd,
Or mourn no more than such a loss requir'd.
But he incessant griev'd : at length address'd
To the superior powers a last request ;
Praying, in expiation of his crime,
'Thenceforth to mourn to all succeeding time

And now, of blood exhausted he appears,
Drain'd by a torrent of continual tears;
'The fleshy colour in his body fades,
And a green tincture all his limbs invades;
From his fair head, where curling locks late hung,
A horrid bush with bristled branches sprung,
Which, stiffening by degrees, its stem extends,
Till to the starry skies the spire ascends.

Apollo sad look'd on, and sighing cried,
'Then be for ever what thy prayer implied:
Bemoan'd by me, in others grief excite;
And still preside at every funeral rite.'

CONTINUED BY CROXALL.

Thus the sweet artist, in a wondrous shade
Of verdant trees which harmony had made,
Encircled sat, with his own triumphs crown'd,
Of listening birds, and savages around.
Again the trembling strings he dextrous tries,
Again from discord makes soft music rise.
Then tunes his voice: 'O muse! from whom I sprung,
Jove be my theme, and thou inspire my song.
To Jove my grateful voice I oft have rais'd,
Oft his almighty power with pleasure prais'd.
I sung the giants in a solemn strain,
Blasted and thunderstruck on Phlegra's plain.
Now be my lyre in softer accents mov'd,
To sing of blooming boys by gods belov'd;
And to relate what virgins, void of shame,
Have suffer'd vengeance for a lawless flame.
'The king of gods once felt the burning joy,
And sigh'd for lovely Ganymede of Troy:
Long was he puzzled to assume a shape
Most fit, and expeditious for the rape;

A bird's was proper, yet he scorns to wear
Any but that which might his thunder bear.
Down with his masquerading wings he flies,
And bears the little Trojan to the skies;
Where now, in robes of heavenly purple dress'd,
He serves the nectar at the' almighty's feast,
To slighted Juno an unwelcome guest.'

HYACINTHUS TRANSFORMED INTO A FLOWER.

BY OZELL.

Phœbus for thee too, Hyacinth! design'd
A place among the gods, had fate been kind :
Yet this he gave ; as oft as wintry rains
Are past, and vernal breezes soothe the plains,
From the green turf a purple flower you rise,
And with your fragrant breath perfume the skies.

You when alive were Phœbus' darling boy ;
In you he plac'd his heaven, and fix'd his joy ;
Their god the Delphic priests consult in vain ;
Eurotas now he loves, and Sparta's plain :
His hands the use of bow and harp forget,
And hold the dogs, or bear the corded net ;
O'er hanging cliffs swift he pursues the game ;
Each hour his pleasure, each augments his flame.

The mid-day sun now shone with equal light
Between the past and the succeeding night ;
They strip ; then, smooth'd with suppling oil, essay
To pitch the rounded quoit, their wonted play :
A well-poisd disk first hasty Phœbus threw,
It cleft the air, and whistled as it flew :
It reach'd the mark, a most surprising length ;
Which spoke an equal share of art and strength.
Scarce was it fall'n, when with too eager hand
Young Hyacinth ran to snatch it from the sand ;

But the curs'd orb, which met a stony soil,
 Flew in his face with violent recoil.
 Both faint, both pale, and breathless, now appear,
 The boy with pain, the amorous god with fear.
 He ran and rais'd him bleeding from the ground,
 Chafes his cold limbs, and wipes the fatal wound :
 Then herbs of noblest juice in vain applies ;
 The wound is mortal, and his skill defies.

As in a water'd garden's blooming walk,
 When some rude hand has bruis'd its tender stalk,
 A fading lily droops its languid head,
 And bends to earth, its life and beauty fled :
 So Hyacinth with head reclin'd decays,
 And, sickening, now no more his charins displays.

' O thou art gone, my boy !' Apollo cried,
 ' Defrauded of thy youth in all its pride ;
 Thou, once my joy, art all my sorrow now,
 And to my guilty hand my grief I owe.
 Yet from myself I might the fault remove,
 Unless to sport and play a fault should prove,
 Unless it too were call'd a fault to love. }
 Oh could I for thee, or but with thee die !
 But cruel fates to me that power deny.
 Yet on my tongue thou shalt for ever dwell ;
 Thy name my lyre shall sound, my verse shall tell ;
 And to a flower transform'd, unheard of yet,
 Stamp'd on thy leaves my cries thou shalt repeat.
 The time shall come, prophetic I foreknow, }
 When, join'd to thee, a mighty chief¹ shall grow, }
 And with my plaints his name thy leaf shall show.' }

While Phœbus thus the laws of fate reveal'd,
 Behold, the blood which stain'd the verdant field
 Is blood no longer ; but a flower full-blown,
 Far brighter than the Tyrian scarlet, shone.

¹ Ajax.

A lily's form it took ; its purple hue
Was all that made a difference to the view.
Nor stop'd he here ; the god upon its leaves
The sad expression of his sorrow weaves ;
And to this hour the mournful purple wears
Ai, Ai, inscrib'd in funeral characters.
Nor are the Spartans, who so much are fam'd
For virtue, of their Hyacinth asham'd ;
But still with pompous woe, and solemn state,
The Hyacinthian Feasts they yearly celebrate.

**THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE CERASTÆ AND
PROPÆTIDES.**

Inquire of Amathus, whose wealthy ground
With veins of every metal does abound,
If she to her Propætidæ would show
The honour Sparta does to him allow ;
No more, she'd say, such wretches would we }
 grace, [face,
Than those whose crooked horns deform'd their }
From thence Cerastæ call'd, an impious race :
Before whose gates a reverend altar stood,
To Jove inscrib'd, the hospitable god !
This had some stranger seen with gore besmear'd, }
The blood of lambs and bulls it had appear'd :
Their slaughter'd guests it was ; not flock nor herd.

Venus these barbarous sacrifices view'd
With just abhorrence, and with wrath pursued :
At first, to punish such nefarious crimes, [climes :
Their towns she meant to leave, her once-lov'd
' But why,' said she, ' for their offence should I
My dear delightful plains and cities fly ?
No ; let the impious people, who have sin'd,
A punishment in death or exile find :

If death or exile too severe be thought,
Let them in some vile shape bemoan their fault.
While next her mind a proper form employs,
Admonish'd by their horns, she fix'd her choice :
Their former crest remains upon their heads,
And their strong limbs an ox's shape invades.

The blasphemous Propætidæ denied
Worship of Venus, and her power defied :
But soon that power they felt, the first that sold
Their lewd embraces to the world for gold.
Unknowing how to blush, and shameless grown,
A small transition changes them to stone.

THE STORY OF PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

BY DRYDEN.

Pygmalion, loathing their lascivious life,
Abhor'd all womankind, but most a wife :
So single chose to live, and shun'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed.
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill ;
And carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work ; but in her own defence
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores ; and, last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And had she mov'd, a living maid had been :
One would have thought she could have stirr'd, but
 strove

With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art hid with art so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit :

He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it loves the more.
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the breast,
And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breast resists the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiss unripe :
But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean ;
So would believe she kiss'd ; and, courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er ;
And straining hard the statue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt his maid :
Explor'd her limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind.
With flattery now he seeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts (the powerful bribes of love)
He furnishes her closet first ; and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells ;
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the sparkling stones of various hue ;
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And singing birds in silver cages hung ;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were sort'd well, with lumps of amber laid between :
Rich fashionable robes her person deck :
Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her neck :
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender
waist.

Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she show'd, but naked show'd the best.
Then, from the floor, he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple spread.

The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
 With blandishments invites her to his side;
 And as she were with vital sense possess'd,
 Her head did on a plummy pillow rest.

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
 To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
 With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
 Slaughter'd before the sacred altars bled.

Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
 And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine:
 'Almighty gods! if all we mortals want,
 If all we can require, be yours to grant;
 Make this fair statue mine; (he would have said,
 But chang'd his words for shame; and only pray'd) }
 Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.'

The golden goddess, present at the pray'r,
 Well knew he meant the' inanimated fair,
 And gave the sign of granting his desire;
 For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
 The youth, returning, to his mistress hies, }
 And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
 And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
 He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
 And looks, and thinks they redden at the kiss:
 He thought them warm before; nor longer stays,
 But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
 Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
 It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent;
 He felt again, his fingers made a print, [dint:
 'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the
 The pleasing task he fails not to renew;
 Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew;
 Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
 The former mass to form, and frame for use.

He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his argument of sense again,
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein. }
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise
To her who made the miracle he pays :
Then lips to lips he join'd ; now freed from fear,
He found the savour of the kiss sincere.
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover with surprise.
The goddess, present at the match she made,
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
That ere ten months had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born :
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

THE STORY OF CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful queen ;
But Cinyras, who like his sire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a sire.
Daughters and fathers from my song retire ;
I sing of horror ; and could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much ;
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment.
Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.
Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet Amomum boast,

Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd so bless'd that Myrrha }
bears?

Nor all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime;
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart.
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy sire had merited a curse;
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice; except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not choose alone.

She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd, }
And thus within her secret soul she said:
' Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wishes tend? }

Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast!
But is it sin? or makes my mind alone
The' imagin'd sin? for nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man!
The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed the chick she bore,
And make a husband whom she hatch'd before.

All creatures else are of a happier kind,
 Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure bind,
 Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind. }
 But man a slave of his own making lives ;
 The fool denies himself what nature gives :
 Too busy senates, with an over-care,
 To make us better than our kind can bear,
 Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
 And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
 Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
 And own no laws but those which love ordains ;
 Where happy daughters with their sires are join'd,
 And piety is doubly paid in kind.
 Oh, that I had been born in such a clime ;
 Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime !
 But whither would my impious fancy stray ?
 Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts, away !
 His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
 But with the love that daughters bear to sires.
 Then had not Cinyras my father been,
 What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen ?
 But the perverseness of my fate is such,
 That he's not mine, because he's mine too much :
 Our kindred-blood debars a better tie ;
 He might be nearer were he not so nigh.
 Eyes, and their objects, never must unite ;
 Some distance is requir'd to help the sight :
 Fain would I travel to some foreign shore, }
 Never to see my native country more, }
 So might I to myself myself restore :
 So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
 And, ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
 But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
 To talk, to kiss, and more, if more I might.'

More, impious maid! what more canst thou
design? }
To make a monstrous mixture in thy line, }
And break all statutes human and divine! }
Can'st thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
And fear'st thou not to see the' infernal bands,
Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their
hands;
Full at thy face the' avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair?
But thou in time the' increasing ill control,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul;
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctions nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, the' attempt were vain,
No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane;
Observant of the right: and oh, that he
Could cure my madness, or be mad like me!
Thus she:—but Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse;
But having told their names, inquir'd of her
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer,
The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd, and as she sigh'd began
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender sire, who saw her blush and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to maiden modesty,
And dried the falling drops, and, yet more kind,
He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd.

She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter should ;
And, ask'd again what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best ; she answer'd, ' One like you.'
Mistaking what she meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bid her so continue still :
The word of pious heard, she blush'd with shame
Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.

'Twas now the mid of night, when slumbers close
Our eyes, and soothe our cares with soft repose :
But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind.
Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again :
Now she despairs, and now resolves to try ;
Would not, and would again, she knows not why ;
Stops, and returns ; makes and retracts the vow ;
Fain would begin, but understands not how.
As when a pine is hew'd upon the plains,
And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
Labouring in pangs of death, and threat'ning all,
This way and that she nods, considering where to
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side, [fall :
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide :
Irresolute on which she should rely,
At last, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.
On that sad thought she rests, resolv'd on death,
She rises, and prepares to choke her breath :
Then while about the beam her zone she ties,
' Dear Cinyras, farewell!' she softly cries ;
For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee ;
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause.'—
'This said, about her neck the noose she draws.

The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not the words, the murmurs overheard,
And sighs, and hollow sounds: surpris'd with fright,
She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light;
Unlocks the door, and, ent'ring out of breath,
The dying saw, and instruments of death:
She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next, (for she now had leisure for her tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,
What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care,
To loath her life, and languish in despair?
The maid with downcast eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood sullen to her suit: the beldam press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast,
Adjur'd her by the kindly food she drew
From these dry founts, her secret ill to shew.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside:
The nurse still urg'd, and would not be denied:
Nor only promised secrecy, but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
'Good-will,' she said, 'my want of strength supplies,
And diligence shall give what age denies:
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy love;
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More powerful verse shall free thee from the blast:
If Heaven, offended, sends thee this disease,
Offended Heaven with prayers we can appease.
What then remains, that can these cares procure?
Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure:
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.'

The virgin started at her father's name,
 And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame :
 Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd,
 But yet surmis'd that love disturb'd her mind :
 Thus thinking, she pursued her point, and laid,
 And lull'd within her lap, the mourning maid ;
 Then softly sooth'd her thus : ' I guess your grief :
 You love, my child ; your love shall find relief.
 My long experienc'd age shall be your guide ;
 Rely on that, and lay distrust aside :
 No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
 Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know.'
 Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
 The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
 And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
 And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head :
 There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
 To go : but she receiv'd not the command ;
 Remaining still importunate to know :
 Then Myrrha thus : ' Or ask no more, or go :—
 I pry'thee go, or staying spare my shame ;
 What thou would'st hear is impious ev'n to name.'
 At this, on high the beldam holds her hands,
 And trembling both with age and terror stands ;
 Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats, [threats,
 Soothes her with blandishments, and frights with
 To tell the crime intended ; or disclose
 What part of it she knew, if she no further knows.
 And last ; if conscious to her counsel made,
 Confirms anew the promise of her aid.
 Now Myrrha rais'd her head, but soon, oppress'd }
 With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast ; }
 Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd : }
 Twice she began, and stop'd : again she tried ;
 The faltering tongue its office still denied,

At last her veil before her face she spread,
 And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
 ' O happy mother, in thy marriage bed !'
 ' Then groan'd, and ceas'd. The good old woman
 shook ;

Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look :
 Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
 Made (to her grief) more knowing than she wou'd.
 Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
 To cure the madness of the' unhappy maid,
 In vain : for Myrrha stood convict of ill ;
 Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will :
 Perverse of mind, unable to reply ;
 She stood resolv'd, or to possess or die.
 At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
 Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd :
 ' Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
 Thy love,' she said ; (she durst not say, thy sire :)
 ' Live, though unhappy, live on any terms :'
 Then with a second oath her faith confirms.

The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
 When long white linen stoles the matrons wear ;
 Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
 Offering first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain :
 For nine long nights the nuptial-bed they shun,
 And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone. [lord,

Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her
 And Ceres' power with secret rites ador'd :
 The royal couch, now vacant for a time,
 The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
 The first occasion took. The king she found
 Easy with wine, and deep in pleasures drown'd,
 Prepar'd for love : the beldam blew the flame,
 Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name.

Her form she prais'd : the monarch ask'd her years ?
 And she replied, ' The same thy Myrrha bears.'
 Wine, and commended beauty, fir'd his thought ;
 Impatient, he commands her to be brought. [home,
 Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she lies her
 And gratulates the nymph, the task was overcome.
 Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear ;
 But, clog'd with guilt, the joy was unsincere :
 So various, so discordant is the mind,
 That in our will a different will we find.
 Ill she presag'd, and yet pursued her lust ;
 For guilty pleasures give a double gust.

'Twas depth of night : Arctophylax had driv'n
 His lazy wain half-round the northern heav'n,
 When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desir'd :
 The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd ;
 The stars, amaz'd, ran backward from the sight,
 And (shrunk within their sockets) lost their light.
 Icarus first withdraws his holy flame :
 The virgin sign, in Heaven the second name,
 Slides down the belt, and from her station flies ;
 And night with sable clouds involves the skies.
 Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent ;
 She stumbled thrice (an omen of the' event) ;
 Thrice shriek'd the funeral owl ; yet on she went, }
 Secure of shame, because secure of sight ;
 Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.
 Link'd hand in hand, the' accomplice and the dame,
 Their way exploring, to the chamber came :
 The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
 Where dark in bed the' expecting monarch lay.
 Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes ;
 Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.

The nearer to her crime, the more within
 She feels remorse, and horror of her sin ;
 Repents too late her criminal desire,
 And wishes that unknown she could retire.
 Her, lingering thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay
 The fatal secret might at length betray)
 Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
 And said to Cinyras, ' Receive thy own.'
 Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
 Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
 The sire, unknowing of the crime, admits
 His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets :
 He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove
 With maiden modesty against her love, [move. }
 And sought with flattering words vain fancies to re-
 Perhaps he said, ' My daughter, cease thy fears,'
 (Because the title suited with her years) ;
 And, ' Father,' she might whisper him again,
 That names might not be wanting to the sin.

Full of her sire, she left the incestuous bed,
 And carrying in her womb the crime she bred.
 Another and another night she came ;
 For frequent sin had left no sense of shame :
 Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face
 Whose body he had held in close embrace,
 And brought a taper: the revealer, light,
 Expos'd both crime and criminal to sight.
 Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
 But from the sheath he drew the avenging sword :
 The guilty fled : the benefit of night,
 That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.
 Long wandering through the spacious fields, she bent
 Her voyage to the Arabian continent ;

Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And, flying, left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unsupplied with strength,
And with the burden of her womb oppress'd,
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest :
'There loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit thus she pray'd :
'Ye powers ! if any so propitious are
To' accept my penitence, and hear my pray'r ;
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent ;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment :
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the realms above, and those below :
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.'

The prayers of penitents are never vain :
At least she did her last request obtain ;
For while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs ;
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide :
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood :
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.
And now the rising tree her womb invests,
Now shooting upwards still invades her breasts,
And shades the neck ; when, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward shape she lost her sense,
With bitter tears she wept her last offence ;

And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain :
For still the precious drops her name retain.
Meantime the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain ;
And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid :
The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groan-
ing wood :
Then reach'd her midwife hand to speed her throes,
And spoke the powerful spells, that babes to birth
The bark divides, the living load to free, [disclose.
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent-plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him
spread
The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace,
Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face :
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked loves bestow :
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past ;
So swift are years. The babe, whom just before
His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore ;

The drop, the thing, which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd ;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears,
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And with her pains reveng'd his mother's fires.

THE STORY OF VENUS AND ADONIS.

BY EUSDEN.

For Cytheræa's lips while Cupid press'd,
He with a heedless arrow raz'd her breast.
The goddess felt it, and, with fury stung,
The wanton mischief from her bosom flung ;
Yet thought at first the danger slight, but found
The dart too faithful, and too deep the wound.
Fir'd with a mortal beauty, she disdains
To haunt the' Idalian mount, or Phrygian plains.
She seeks not Cnidos, nor her Paphian shrines,
Nor Amathus, that teems with brazen mines :
Ev'n heaven itself with all its sweets unsought,
Adonis far a sweeter heaven is thought,
On him she hangs, and fonds with every art,
And never, never knows from him to part.
She, whose soft limbs had only been display'd
On rosy beds beneath the myrtle shade,
Whose pleasing care was to improve each grace,
And add more charms to an unrival'd face,
Now buskin'd, like the virgin huntress, goes
Through woods, and pathless wilds, and mountain-
snows,
With her own tuneful voice she joys to cheer
The panting hounds, that chase the flying deer.
She runs the labyrinth of fearful hares,
But fearless beasts and dangerous prey forbears ;

Hunts not the grinning wolf, or foamy boar,
And trembles at the lion's hungry roar.
Thee too, Adonis, with a lover's care
She warns, if warn'd thou wouldst avoid the snare.
' To furious animals advance not nigh,
Fly those that follow, follow those that fly ;
'Tis chance alone must the survivors save,
Whene'er brave spirits will attempt the brave.
Oh ! lovely youth ! in harmless sports delight ;
Provoke not beasts, which, arm'd by nature, fight.
For me, if not thyself, vouchsafe to fear ;
Let not thy thirst of glory cost me dear.
Boars know not how to spare a blooming age ;
No sparkling eyes can soothe the lion's rage.
Not all thy charms a savage breast can move,
Which have so deeply touch'd the queen of love.
When bristled boars from beaten thickets spring,
In grinded tusks a thunderbolt they bring.
The daring hunters lions rous'd devour,
Vast is their fury, and as vast their pow'r :
Curs'd be their tawny race ! if thou would'st hear
What kindled thus my hate, then lend an ear :
The wondrous tale I will to thee unfold,
How the fell monsters rose from crimes of old.
But by long toils I faint : see ! wide display'd,
A grateful poplar courts us with a shade.
The grassy turf, beneath, so verdant shows,
We may secure delightfully repose.
With her Adonis here be Venus bless'd ;
And swift, at once, the grass and him she press'd.
Then sweetly smiling, with a raptur'd mind,
On his lov'd bosom she her head reclin'd,
And thus began ; but, mindful still of bliss,
Seal'd the soft accents with a softer kiss,

' Perhaps thou may'st have heard a virgin's name,
Who still in swiftness swiftest youths o'ercame.
Wondrous ! that female weakness should outdo
A manly strength ; the wonder yet is true.
'Twas doubtful if her triumphs in the field
Did to her form's triumphant glories yield ;
Whether her face could with more ease decoy
A crowd of lovers, or her feet destroy.
For once Apollo she implor'd to show
If courteous fates a consort would allow :
" A consort brings thy ruin," he replied ;
" Oh ! learn to want the pleasures of a bride !
Nor shalt thou want them to thy wretched cost,
And Atalanta living shall be lost."
With such a rueful fate the' affrighted maid
Sought green recesses in the woodland glade.
Nor sighing suitors her resolves could move,
She bade them show their speed, to show their love.
He only who could conquer in the race,
Might hope the conquer'd virgins to embrace ;
While he, whose tardy feet had lag'd behind,
Was doom'd the sad reward of death to find.
Though great the prize, yet rigid the decree,
But, blind with beauty, who can rigour see?
Ev'n on these laws the fair they rashly sought,
And danger in excess of love forgot.

' There sat Hippomenes, prepar'd to blame
In lovers such extravagance of flame.
" And must," he said, " the blessing of a wife
Be dearly purchas'd by a risk of life ?"
But when he saw the wonders of her face,
And her limbs naked, springing to the race,
Her limbs, as exquisitely turn'd as mine ;
Or, if a woman thou, might vie with thine ;

With lifted hands he cried, " Forgive the tongue
Which durst, ye youths, your well-tim'd courage
wrong.

I knew not that the nymph, for whom you strove,
Deserv'd the' unbounded transports of your love."

He saw, admir'd, and thus her spotless frame
He prais'd, and praising kindled his own flame.

A rival now to all the youths who run,
Envious, he fears they should not be undone.

But why (reflects he) idly thus is shown

'The fate of others, yet untried my own :

'The coward must not on love's aid depend ;

'The god was ever to the bold a friend.

Meantime the virgin flies, or seems to fly,

Swift as a Scythian arrow cleaves the sky :

Still more and more the youth her charms admires,

The race itself t' exalt her charms conspires.

The golden pinions, which her feet adorn,

In wanton flutterings by the winds are borne.

Down from her head, the long fair tresses flow,

And sport with lovely negligence below.

The waving ribbons, which her buskins tie,

Her snowy skin with waving purple die ;

As crimson veils, in palaces display'd,

To the white marble lend a blushing shade.

Not long he gaz'd ; yet while he gaz'd, she gain'd

The goal, and the victorious wreath obtain'd.

The vanquish'd sigh, and as the law decreed,

Pay the dire forfeit, and prepare to bleed.

' Then rose Hippomenes, not yet afraid,

And fix'd his eyes full on the beauteous maid.

" Where is," he cried, " the mighty conquest won,
To distance those who want the nerves to run ?

Here prove superior strength, nor shall it be
Thy loss of glory, if excell'd by me.
High my descent, near Neptune I aspire;
For Neptune was grand-parent to my sire.
From that great god the fourth myself I trace,
Nor sink my virtues yet beneath my race.
'Thou, from Hippomenes o'ercome, may'st claim
An envied triumph, and a deathless fame."

' While thus the youth the virgin power defies,
Silent she views him still with softer eyes.
'Thoughts in her breast a doubtful strife begin,
" If 'tis not happier now to lose than win.
What god, a foe to beauty, would destroy
The promis'd ripeness of this blooming boy?
With his life's danger does he seek my bed?
Scarce am I half so greatly worth," she said,
" Nor has his beauty mov'd my breast to love,
And yet, I own, such beauty well might move:
'Tis not his charms, 'tis pity would engage
My soul to spare the greenness of his age.
What, that heroic courage fires his breast,
And shines through brave disdain of fate confess'd?
What, that his patronage by close degrees
Springs from the' imperial ruler of the seas?
'Then add the love which bids him undertake
The race, and dare to perish for my sake.
Of bloody nuptials, heedless youth, beware;
Fly, timely fly, from a too barbarous fair.
At pleasure choose; thy love will be repaid
By a less foolish, and more beauteous maid.
But why this tenderness, before unknown?
Why beats and pants my breast for him alone?
His eyes have seen his numerous rivals yield;
Let him too share the rigour of the field,

Since, by their fates untaught, his own he courts;
And thus with ruin insolently sports.
Yet for what crime shall he his death receive?
Is it a crime with me to wish to live?
Shall his kind passion his destruction prove?
Is this the fatal recompense of love?
So fair a youth, destroy'd, would conquest shame,
And nymphs eternally detest my fame.
Still why should nymphs my guiltless fame upbraid?
Did I the fond adventurer persuade?
Alas! I wish thou would'st the course decline,
Or that my swiftness was excell'd by thine.
See! what a virgin's bloom adorns the boy!
Why wilt thou run, and why thyself destroy?
Hippomenes! oh that I ne'er had been
By those bright eyes unfortunately seen!
Ah, tempt not thus a swift, untimely fate;
Thy life is worthy of the longest date.
Were I left wretched, did the galling chain
Of rigid gods not my free choice restrain,
By thee alone I could with joy be led
To taste the raptures of a nuptial bed."

' Thus she disclos'd the woman's secret heart,
Young, innocent, and new to Cupid's dart.
Her thoughts, her words, her actions wildly rove,
With love she burns, yet knows not that 'tis love.
' Her royal sire now, with the murmuring crowd,
Demands the race impatiently aloud.
Hippomenes then with true fervour pray'd,
" My bold attempt let Venus kindly aid :
By her sweet power I felt this amorous fire;
Still may she succour whom she did inspire !"
A soft unenvious wind, with speedy care,
Wafted to heaven the lover's tender pray'r.

Pity, I own, soon gain'd the wish'd consent,
And all the' assistance he implor'd I lent.
The Cyprian lands, though rich, in richness yield
To that surnam'd the Tamasenian field.
That field of old was added to my shrine,
And its choice products consecrated mine.
A tree there stands, full glorious to behold,
Gold are the leaves, the crackling branches gold.
It chanc'd, three apples in my hands I bore,
Which newly from the tree I sportive tore ;
Seen by the youth alone, to him I brought
The fruit ; and when, and how to use it, taught.
The signal sounding by the king's command,
Both start at once, and sweep the' imprinted sand :
So swiftly mov'd their feet, they might with ease,
Scarce moisten'd, skim along the glassy seas ;
Or with a wondrous levity be borne
O'er yellow harvests of unbending corn.
Now favouring peals resound from every part,
Spirit the youth, and fire his fainting heart.
" Hippomenes !" they cried, " thy life preserve ;
Intensely labour, and stretch every nerve.
Base fear alone can baffle thy design,
Shoot boldly onward, and the goal is thine."
'Tis doubtful whether shouts, like these, convey'd
More pleasures to the youth, or to the maid.
When a long distance oft she could have gain'd,
She check'd her swiftness, and her feet restrain'd :
She sigh'd, and dwelt, and languish'd on his face,
Then with unwilling speed pursued the race.
O'erspent with heat, his breath he faintly drew, }
Parch'd was his mouth, nor yet the goal in view, }
And the first apple on the plain he threw.

The nymph stop'd sudden at the' unusual sight,
Struck with the fruit so beautifully bright.
Aside she starts, the wonder to behold,
And eager stoops to catch the rolling gold.
The' observant youth pass'd by, and scour'd along,
While peals of joy rung from the' applauding throng.
Unkindly she corrects the short delay,
And to redeem the time fleets swift away ;
Swift as the lightning, or the northern wind,
And far she leaves the panting youth behind.
Again he strives the flying nymph to hold
With the temptation of the second gold :
The bright temptation fruitlessly was toss'd,
So soon, alas! she won the distance lost.
Now but a little interval of space
Remain'd for the decision of the race.
" Fair author of the precious gift," he said,
" Be thou, O goddess, author of my aid!"
Then of the shining fruit the last he drew,
And with his full-collected vigour threw :
The virgin still the longer to detain,
Threw not directly, but across the plain.
She seem'd a while perplex'd in dubious thought,
If the far-distant apple should be sought :
I lur'd her backward mind to seize the bait,
And to the massy gold gave double weight.
My favour to my votary was show'd,
Her speed I lessen'd, and increas'd her load.
But lest, though long, the rapid race be run,
Before my longer tedious tale is done,
The youth the goal, and so the virgin won.
" Might I, Adonis, now not hope to see
His grateful thanks pour'd out for victory?

}

His pious incense on my altars laid?—
 But he nor grateful thanks nor incense paid.
 Enrag'd I vow'd, that with the youth the fair,
 For his contempt, should my keen vengeance share;
 That future lovers might my power revere,
 And, from their sad examples, learn to fear.
 The silent fanes, the sanctified abodes,
 Of Cybelè, great mother of the gods,
 Rais'd by Echion in a lonely wood,
 And full of brown religious horror stood.
 By a long painful journey faint, they chose
 Their weary limbs here secret to repose.
 But soon my power inflam'd the lustful boy:
 Careless of rest he sought untimely joy.
 A hallow'd gloomy cave, with moss o'ergrown,
 The temple join'd, of native pumice-stone,
 Where antique images by priests were kept,
 And wooden deities securely slept.
 Thither the rash Hippomenes retires,
 And gives a loose to all his wild desires,
 And the chaste cell pollutes with wanton fires. }
 The sacred statues trembled with surprise,
 The towery goddess, blushing, veil'd her eyes:
 And the lewd pair to Stygian sounds had sent,
 But unrevenged seem'd that punishment.
 A heavier doom such black profaneness draws,
 Their taper fingers turn to crooked paws:
 No more their necks the smoothness can retain,
 Now cover'd sudden with a yellow mane.
 Arms change to legs: each finds the hardening
 breast
 Of rage unknown, and wondrous strength possess'd.
 Their alter'd looks with fury grim appear,
 And on the ground their brushing tails they bear.

They haunt the woods: their voices, which before
Were musically sweet, now hoarsely roar.

Hence lions, dreadful to the labouring swains,
Are tam'd by Cybelè, and curb'd with reins,
And humbly draw her car along the plains. }

But thou, Adonis, my delightful care,
Of these, and beasts as fierce as these, beware!

The savage, which not shuns thee, timely shun;
For by rash prowess should'st thou be undone,
A double ruin is contain'd in one. }

Thus cautious Venus school'd her favourite boy;
But youthful heat all cautions will destroy.

His sprightly soul beyond grave counsels flies,
While with yok'd swans the goddess cuts the skies.

His faithful hounds, led by the tainted wind,
Lodg'd in thick coverts, chanc'd a boar to find.

The callow hero show'd a manly heart,
And pierc'd the savage with a side-long dart.

The flying savage, wounded, turn'd again,
Wrench'd out the gory dart, and foam'd with
pain.

The trembling boy by flight his safety sought,
And now recall'd the lore which Venus taught;

But now too late to fly the boar he strove,
Who in the groin his tusks impetuous drove:

On the discolour'd grass Adonis lay,
The monster trampling o'er his beauteous prey.

Fair Cytherëa, Cyprus scarce in view,
Heard from afar his groans, and own'd them true,
And turn'd her snowy swans, and backward flew. }

But as she saw him gasp his latest breath,
And quivering agonize in pangs of death;
Down with swift flight she plung'd, nor rage forbore;
At once her garments and her hair she tore.

With cruel blows she beat her guiltless breast,
The fates upbraided, and her love confess'd.
'Nor shall they yet,' she cried, 'the whole devour
With uncontrol'd, inexorable pow'r :
For thee, lost youth, my tears and restless pain
Shall in immortal monuments remain.
With solemn pomp, in annual rites return'd,
Be thou for ever, my Adonis! mourn'd.
Could Pluto's queen with jealous fury storm,
And Menthè to a fragrant herb transform?
Yet dares not Venus with a change surprise,
And in a flower bid her fall'n hero rise?"
Then on the blood sweet nectar she bestows,
The scented blood in little bubbles rose :
Little as rainy drops, which fluttering fly,
Borne by the winds, along a louring sky.
Short time ensued, till where the blood was shed,
A flower began to rear its purple head :
Such, as on Punick apples is reveal'd,
Or in the filmy rind but half conceal'd.
Still here the fate of lovely forms we see,
So sudden fades the sweet Anemonè.
The feeble stems, to stormy blasts a prey,
Their sickly beauties droop, and pine away.
The winds forbid the flowers to flourish long,
Which owe to winds their names in Grecian song.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XI.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE DEATH OF ORPHEUS.

BY CROKALL.

HERE, while the Thracian bard's enchanting strain
Soothes beasts, and woods, and all the listening plain,
The female Bacchanals, devoutly mad,
In shaggy skins, like savage creatures clad,
Warbling in air perceiv'd his lovely lay,
And from a rising ground beheld him play.
When one, the wildest with dishevel'd hair,
That loosely stream'd, and ruffled in the air;
Soon as her frantic eye the lyrist spied,
' See, see ! the hater of our sex,' she cried.
Then at his face her missive javelin sent,
Which whiz'd along, and brush'd him as it went :
But the soft wreathes of ivy, twisted round,
Prevent a deep impression of the wound.
Another, for a weapon, hurls a stone,
Which, by the sound subdued as soon as thrown,
Falls at his feet ; and, with a seeming sense,
Implores his pardon for its late offence.

But now their frantic rage unbounded grows,
Turns all to madness, and no measure knows :

Yet this the charms of music might subdue,
But that, with all its charms, is conquer'd too ;
In louder strains their hideous yellings rise,
And squeaking horn-pipes echo through the skies,
Which, in hoarse consort with the drum, confound
The moving lyre, and every gentle sound :
Then 'twas the deafen'd stones flew on with speed,
And saw, unsooth'd, their tuneful poet bleed.
The birds, the beasts, and all the savage crew
Which the sweet lyrist to attention drew,
Now, by the female mob's more furious rage
Are driv'n, and forc'd to quit the shady stage:
Next their fierce hands the bard himself assail;
Nor can his song against their wrath prevail :
They flock like birds, when, in a clustering flight,
By day they chase the boding fowl of night.
So crowded amphitheatres survey
The stag, to greedy dogs a future prey.
Their steely javelins, which soft curls entwine
Of budding tendrils from the leafy vine,
For sacred rites of mild religion made,
Are flung promiscuous at the poet's head.
Those clods of earth or flints discharge, and these
Hurl prickly branches sliver'd from the trees :
And, lest their passion should be unsupplied,
The rabble crew, by chance, at distance spied
Where oxen, straining at the heavy yoke,
The fallow'd field with slow advances broke;
Nigh which the brawny peasants dug the soil,
Procuring food with long laborious toil.
These, when they saw the ranting throng draw near,
Quitted their tools and fled, possess'd with fear.
Long spades, and rakes of mighty size, were found,
Carelessly left upon the broken ground.

With these the furious lunatics engage,
And first the labouring oxen feel their rage;
Then to the poet they return with speed,
Whose fate was, past prevention, now decreed :
In vain he lifts his suppliant hands, in vain
He tries, before, his never-failing strain.
And from those sacred lips, whose thrilling sound
Fierce tigers and insensate rocks could wound,
Ah gods ! how moving was the mournful sight !
To see the fleeting soul now take its flight.
Thee the soft warblers of the feather'd kind
Bewail'd ; for thee thy savage audience pin'd ;
'Those rocks and woods, that oft thy strain had led, }
Mourn for their charmer, and lament him dead ; }
And drooping trees their leafy glories shed.
Naiads and Dryads with dishevel'd hair
Promiscuous weep, and scarfs of sable wear ;
Nor could the river-gods conceal their moan,
But with new floods of tears augment their own.
His mangled limbs lay scatter'd all around,
His head and harp a better fortune found ;
In Hebrus' streams they gently roll'd along,
And sooth'd the waters with a mournful song.
Soft deadly notes the lifeless tongue inspire,
A doleful tune sounds from the floating lyre ;
The hollow banks in solemn consort mourn,
And the sad strain in echoing groans return.
Now with the current to the sea they glide,
Borne by the billows of the briny tide ;
And driv'n where waves round rocky Lesbos roar,
They strand, and lodge upon Methymna's shore.
But here, when landed on the foreign soil,
venom'd snake, the product of the isle,

Attempts the head, and sacred locks embrau'd
With clotted gore and still fresh-dropping blood.
Phœbus at last his kind protection gives,
And from the fact the greedy monster drives ;
Whose marbled jaws his impious crime atone,
Still grinning ghastly, though transform'd to stone.

His ghost flies downward to the Stygian shore,
And knows the places it had seen before :
Among the shadows of the pious train
He finds Eurydicè, and loves again ;
With pleasure views the beauteous phantom's
 charms,
And clasps her in his unsubstantial arms.
There side by side they unmolested walk,
Or pass their blissful hours in pleasing talk ;
Aft or before the bard securely goes,
And, without danger, can review his spouse.

THE THRACIAN WOMEN TRANSFORMED TO
TREES.

Bacchus, resolving to revenge the wrong
Of Orpheus murder'd, on the madding throng,
Decreed that each accomplice-dame should stand
Fix'd by the roots along the conscious land.
Their wicked feet, that late so nimbly ran
To wreak their malice on the guiltless man,
Sudden with twisted ligatures were bound,
Like trees, deep planted in the turfy ground.
And, as the fowler with his subtle gins
His feather'd captives by the feet entwines,
That fluttering pant, and struggle to get loose,
Yet only closer draw the fatal noose ;
So these were caught ; and, as they strove in vain
To quit the place, they but increas'd their pain.

They flounce and toil, yet find themselves control'd;
The root, though pliant, toughly keeps its hold.
In vain their toes and feet they look to find,
For ev'n their shapely legs are cloth'd with rind.
One smites her thighs with a lamenting stroke,
And finds the flesh transform'd to solid oak;
Another, with surprise and grief distress'd,
Lays on above, but beats a wooden breast.
A rugged bark their softer neck invades,
Their branching arms shoot up delightful shades;
At once they seem and are a real grove,
With mossy trunks below, and verdant leaves above.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

Nor this suffic'd : the god's disgust remains,
And he resolves to quit their hated plains;
The vineyards of Tymole ingross his care,
And, with a better choir, he fixes there;
Where the smooth streams of clear Pactolus roll'd,
Then undistinguish'd for its sands of gold.
The Satyrs with the nymphs, his usual throng,
Come to salute their god, and jovial danc'd along.
Silenus only miss'd; for while he reel'd,
Feeble with age and wine, about the field,
The hoary drunkard had forgot his way,
And to the Phrygian clowns became a prey;
Who to king Midas drag the captive god,
While on his totty pate the wreaths of ivy nod.

Midas from Orpheus had been taught his lore,
And knew the rites of Bacchus long before.
He, when he saw his venerable guest,
In honour of the god ordain'd a feast.
Ten days in course, with each continued night,
Were spent in genial mirth, and brisk delight :

Then on the' eleventh, when with brighter ray
Phosphor had chas'd the fading stars away,
The king through Lydia's fields young Bacchus
sought,

And to the god his foster-father brought.
Pleas'd with the welcome sight, he bids him soon
But name his wish, and swears to grant the boon.
A glorious offer! yet but ill bestow'd
On him whose choice so little judgment show'd.
' Give me,' says he, (nor thought he ask'd too much)
' That with my body whatsoe'er I touch,
Chang'd from the nature which it held of old,
May be converted into yellow gold!'
He had his wish; but yet the god repin'd,
To think the fool no better wish could find.

But the brave king departed from the place,
With smiles of gladness sparkling in his face:
Nor could contain; but as he took his way,
Impatient longs to make the first essay.
Down from a lowly branch a twig he drew,
The twig straight glitter'd with a golden hue:
He takes a stone, the stone was turn'd to gold;
A clod he touches, and the crumbling mold
Acknowledg'd soon the great transforming pow'r,
In weight and substance like a mass of ore.
He pluck'd the corn; and straight his grasp appears
Fill'd with a bending tuft of golden ears.
An apple next he takes, and seems to hold
The bright Hesperian vegetable gold.
His hand he careless on a pillar lays,
With shining gold the fluted pillars blaze:
And while he washes, as the servants pour,
His touch converts the stream to Danae's show'r.

To see these miracles so finely wrought,
Fires with transporting joy his giddy thought.
The ready slaves prepare a sumptuous board,
Spread with rich dainties for their happy lord;
Whose powerful hands the bread no sooner hold,
But its whole substance is transform'd to gold:
Up to his mouth he lifts the savoury meat,
Which turns to gold as he attempts to eat:
His patron's noble juice of purple hue,
Touch'd by his lips, a gilded cordial grew:
Unfit for drink, and, wondrous to behold,
It trickles from his jaws a fluid gold.

The rich poor fool, confounded with surprise,
Starving in all his various plenty lies:
Sick of his wish, he now detests the power
For which he ask'd so earnestly before;
Amidst his gold with pinching famine curs'd,
And justly tortur'd with an equal thirst.
At last his shining arms to heaven he rears,
And in distress, for refuge, flies to pray'rs:
'O father Bacchus! I have sin'd,' he cried,
'And foolishly thy gracious gift applied;
Thy pity now, repenting, I implore;
Oh! may I feel the golden plague no more.'

The hungry wretch, his folly thus confess'd,
Touch'd the kind deity's good-natur'd breast;
The gentle god annul'd his first decree,
And from the cruel compact set him free.
But then, to cleanse him quite from further harm,
And to dilute the relics of the charm,
He bids him seek the stream that cuts the land
Nigh where the towers of Lydian Sardis stand;
Then trace the river to the fountain-head,
And meet it rising from its rocky bed:

There, as the bubbling tide pours forth amain,
To plunge his body in, and wash away the stain.
The king instructed to the fount retires,
But with the golden charm the stream inspires :
For while this quality the man forsakes,
An equal power the limpid water takes ;
Informs with veins of gold the neighbouring land,
And glides along a bed of golden sand.

Now loathing wealth, the' occasion of his woes,
Far in the woods he sought a calm repose ;
In caves and grottos where the nymphs resort,
And keep with mountain Pan their silvan court.
Ah, had he left his stupid soul behind !
But his condition alter'd not his mind.

For where high Tmolus rears his shady brow,
And from his cliffs surveys the seas below,
In his descent, by Sardis bounded here,
By the small confines of Hypæpæ there,
Pan to the nymphs his frolic ditties play'd,
Tuning his reeds beneath the chequer'd shade.
The nymphs are pleas'd, the boasting silvan plays,
And speaks with slight of great Apollo's lays.
Tmolus was arbiter ; the boaster still
Accepts the trial with unequal skill.
The venerable judge was seated high
On his own hill, that seem'd to touch the sky.
Above the whispering trees his head he rears,
From their encumbering boughs to free his ears ;
A wreath of oak alone his temples bound,
The pendant acorns loosely dangled round.
' In me, your judge,' says he, ' there's no delay :'
Then bids the goatherd god begin and play.
Pan tun'd the pipe, and with his rural song
Pleas'd the low taste of all the vulgar throng ;

Such songs a vulgar judgment mostly please,
Midas was there, and Midas judg'd with these.

The mountain sire with grave deportment now
To Phœbus turns his venerable brow ;
And, as he turns, with him the listening wood
In the same posture of attention stood.
The god his own Parnassian laurel crown'd,
And in a wreath his golden tresses bound ;
Graceful his purple mantle swept the ground. }
High on the left his ivory lute he rais'd ;
The lute, emboss'd with glittering jewels, blaz'd.
In his right hand he nicely held the quill,
His easy posture spoke a master's skill.
The strings he touch'd with more than human art,
Which pleas'd the judge's ear, and sooth'd his
heart ;

Who soon judiciously the palm decreed,
And to the lute postpon'd the squeaking reed.

All with applause the rightful sentence heard,
Midas alone dissatisfied appear'd ;
To him unjustly given the judgment seems,
For Pan's barbaric notes he most esteems.
The lyric god, who thought his untun'd ear
Deserv'd but ill a human form to wear,
Of that deprives him ; and supplies the place
With some more fit, and of an ampler space :
Fix'd on his noddle an unseemly pair,
Flagging, and large, and full of whitish hair ;
Without a total change from what he was,
Still in the man preserves the simple ass.

He, to conceal the scandal of the deed,
A purple turban folds about his head ;
Veils the reproach from public view, and fears
The laughing world would spy his monstrous ears.

One trusty barber-slave, that us'd to dress
His master's hair, when lengthen'd to excess,
The mighty secret knew, but knew alone,
And, though impatient, durst not make it known.
Restless at last, a private place he found,
Then dug a hole, and told it to the ground ;
In a low whisper he reveal'd the case,
And cover'd in the earth, and silent left the place.

In time, of trembling reeds a plenteous crop
From the confided furrow sprouted up ;
Which, high advancing with the ripening year,
Made known the tiller, and his fruitless care :
For then the rustling blades, and whispering wind,
To tell the' important secret both combin'd.

THE BUILDING OF TROY.

Phœbus, with full revenge, from Tmolus flies,
Darts through the air, and cleaves the liquid skies :
Near Hellespont he lights, and treads the plains
Where great Laomedon sole monarch reigns :
Where, built between the two projecting strands,
To Panomphæan Jove an altar stands.
Here first, aspiring thoughts the king employ,
To found the lofty towers of future Troy.
The work, from schemes magnificent begun,
At vast expense was slowly carried on :
Which Phœbus seeing, with the trident-god
Who rules the swelling surges with his nod,
Assuming each a mortal shape, combine
At a set price to finish his design.
The work was built ; the king their price denies,
And his injustice backs with perjuries.
This Neptune could not brook, but drove the main,
A mighty deluge, o'er the Phrygian plain :

'Twas all a sea; the waters of the deep
 From every vale the copious harvest sweep;
 The briny billows overflow the soil,
 Ravage the fields, and mock the ploughman's toil.

Nor this appeas'd the god's revengeful mind:
 For still a greater plague remains behind;
 A huge sea-monster lodges on the sands,
 And the king's daughter for his prey demands.
 To him that sav'd the damsel, was decreed
 A set of horses of the sun's fine breed:
 But when Alcides from the rock untied
 The trembling fair, the ransom was denied.
 He, in revenge, the new-built walls attack'd,
 And the twice-perjur'd city bravely sack'd.
 Telamon aided, and in justice shar'd
 Part of the plunder as his due reward:
 The princess, rescued late, with all her charms,
 Hesionè, was yielded to his arms:
 For Peleus, with a goddess-bride, was more
 Proud of his spouse, than of his birth before:
 Grandsons to Jove there might be more than one,
 But he the goddess had enjoy'd alone.

THE STORY OF THETIS AND PELEUS, &c.

For Proteus thus to virgin Thetis said, }
 ' Fair goddess of the waves! consent to wed,
 And take some sprightly lover to your bed: }
 A son you'll have, the terror of the field,
 To whom in fame and power his sire shall yield.'

Jove, who ador'd the nymph with boundless love,
 Did from his breast the dangerous flame remove.
 He knew the Fates, nor car'd to raise up one,
 Whose fame and greatness should eclipse his own.

On happy Peleus he bestow'd her charms,
And bless'd his grandson in the goddess' arms.

A silent creek Thessalia's coast can show,
Two arms project, and shape it like a bow ;
'Twould make a bay, but the transparent tide
Does scarce the yellow-gravel'd bottom hide ;
For the quick eye may through the liquid wave
A firm unweedy level beech perceive.
A grove of fragrant myrtle near it grows, [close ;
Whose boughs, though thick, a beauteous grot dis-
The well-wrought fabric, to discerning eyes,
Rather by art than nature seems to rise.
A bridled dolphin oft fair Thetis bore
To this her lov'd retreat, her favourite shore.
Here Peleus seiz'd her, slumbering while she lay,
And urg'd his suit with all that love could say.
But when he found her obstinately coy,
Resolv'd to force her, and command the joy :
The nymph, o'erpower'd, to art for succour flies,
And various shapes the eager youth surprise :
A bird she seems, but plies her wings in vain ;
His hands the fleeting substance still detain :
A branchy tree high in the air she grew ;
About its bark his nimble arms he threw :
A tiger next she glares with flaming eyes ;
The frighten'd lover quits his hold, and flies.
The sea-gods he with sacred rites adores,
Then a libation on the ocean pours ;
While the fat entrails crackle in the fire,
And sheets of smoke in sweet perfume aspire :
Till Proteus, rising from his oozy bed,
Thus to the poor desponding lover said :
' No more in anxious thoughts your mind employ,
For yet you shall possess the dear expected joy.

You must once more the' unwary nymph surprise,
 As in her cooly grot she slumbering lies ;
 Then bind her fast with unrelenting hands,
 And strain her tender limbs with knotted bands.
 Still hold her under every different shape,
 Till, tir'd, she tries no longer to escape.'
 Thus he :—then sunk beneath the glassy flood,
 And broken accents flutter'd where he stood.

Bright Sol had almost now his journey done,
 And down the steepy western convex run ;
 When the fair Nereid left the briny wave,
 And, as she us'd, retreated to her cave.
 He scarce had bound her fast, when she arose,
 And into various shapes her body throws :
 She went to move her arms, and found 'em tied ;
 Then with a sigh, 'Some god assists ye!' cried, }
 And in her proper shape stood blushing by his
 side.

About her waist this longing arms he flung,
 From which embrace the great Achilles sprung.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DÆDALION.

Peleus unmix'd felicity enjoy'd ;
 (Bless'd in a valiant son and virtuous bride)
 Till fortune did in blood his hands imbrue,
 And his own brother by curs'd chance he slew :
 Then driven from Thessaly, his native clime,
 Trachinia first gave shelter to his crime ;
 Where peaceful Ceyx mildly fill'd the throne,
 And like his sire, the morning-planet, shone ;
 But now, unlike himself, bedew'd with tears,
 Mourning a brother lost, his brow appears.
 First to the town, with travel spent and care,
 Peleus and his small company repair :

His herds and flocks the while at leisure feed
On the rich pasture of a neighbouring mead.
The prince, before the royal presence brought,
Show'd by the suppliant olive what he sought ;
Then tells his name, and race, and country right,
But hides the' unhappy reason of his flight.
He begs the king some little town to give,
Where they may safe his faithful vassals live.
Ceyx replied : ' To all my bounty flows ;
A hospitable realm your suit has chose.
Your glorious race, and far-resounding fame,
And grandsire Jove, peculiar favours claim.
All you can wish, I grant ; intreaties spare ; [share.
My kingdom (would 'twere worth the sharing !)
Tears stop'd his speech , astonish'd Peleus pleads
To know the cause from whence his grief proceeds ?
The prince replied : ' There's none of ye but deems
This hawk was ever such as now it seems ;
Know, 'twas a hero once, Dædalion nam'd,
For warlike deeds and haughty valour fam'd ;
Like me, to that bright luminary born
Who wakes Aurora, and brings on the morn.
His fierceness still remains, and love of blood,
Now dread of birds, and tyrant of the wood.
My make was softer ; peace my greatest care ;
But this my brother, wholly bent on war :
Late nations fear'd, and routed armies fled
That force which now the timorous pigeons dread.
A daughter he possess'd, divinely fair,
And scarcely yet had seen her fifteenth year ;
Young Chionè : a thousand rivals strove
To win the maid, and teach her how to love.
Phœbus and Mercury by chance, one day,
From Delphi and Cyllene pass'd this way ;

Together they the virgin saw : desire
At once warm'd both their breasts with amorous fire.
Phœbus resolv'd to wait till close of day ;
But Mercury's hot love brook'd no delay :
With his entrancing rod the maid he charms,
And unresisted revels in her arms.
'Twas night, and Phœbus in a beldam's dress
To the late rifled beauty got access.
Her time complete nine circling moons had run ;
To either god she bore a lovely son :
To Mercury Autolycus she brought,
Who turn'd to thefts and tricks his subtle thought ;
Possess'd he was of all his father's slight, [white.
At will, made white look black, and black look
Philammon born to Phœbus, like his sire,
The Muses lov'd, and finely struck the lyre, }
And made his voice, and touch, in harmony }
conspire.
' In vain, fond maid, you boast this double birth,
The love of gods and royal father's worth,
And Jove among your ancestors rehearse !
Could blessings such as these e'er prove a curse ?
To her they did, who with audacious pride,
Vain of her own, Diana's charms decried.
Her taunts the goddess with resentment fill ;
' My face you like not, you shall try my skill,'
She said ; and straight her vengeful bow she strung,
And sent a shaft that pierc'd her guilty tongue :
The bleeding tongue in vain its accents tries ;
In the red stream her soul reluctant flies.
With sorrow wild I ran to her relief,
And tried to moderate my brother's grief.
He, deaf as rocks by stormy surges beat,
Loudly laments, and hears me not intreat.

When on the funeral pile he saw her laid,
 Thrice he to rush into the flames assay'd,
 Thrice with officious care by us was stay'd.
 Now, mad with grief, away he fled amain,
 Like a stung heifer that resents the pain,
 And bellowing wildly bounds along the plain.
 O'er the most rugged ways so fast he ran,
 He seem'd a bird already, not a man;
 He left us breathless all behind ; and now
 In quest of death had gain'd Parnassus' brow :
 But when from thence headlong himself he threw,
 He fell not, but with airy pinions flew.
 Phœbus in pity chang'd him to a fowl, [trol.
 Whose crooked beak and claws the birds con- }
 Little of bulk, but of a warlike soul. }
 A hawk become, the feather'd race's foe,
 He tries to ease his own by others' woe.'

A WOLF TURNED INTO MARBLE.

While they, astonish'd, heard the king relate
 These wonders of his hapless brother's fate;
 The prince's herdsman at the court arrives,
 And fresh surprise to all the audience gives.
 ' O Peleus, Peleus ! dreadful news I bear,'
 He said ; and trembled as he spoke, for fear.
 The worst, affrighted Peleus bid him tell,
 Whilst Ceyx too grew pale with friendly zeal.
 Thus he began : ' When Sol mid-heaven had gain'd,
 And half his way was pass'd, and half remain'd,
 I to the level shore my cattle drove,
 And let them freely in the meadows rove.
 Some stretch'd at length admire the watry plain,
 Some crop'd the herb, some wanton swam the main.

A temple stands of antique make hard by,
Where no gilt domes nor marble lure the eye ;
Unpolish'd rafters bear its lowly height,
Hid by a grove, as ancient, from the sight.
Here Nereus and the Nereids they adore ;
I learnt it from the man who thither bore
His net, to dry it on the sunny shore. }
Adjoins a lake, inclos'd with willows round, }
Whereswelling waves have overflow'd the mound, }
And, muddy, stagnate on the lower ground.
From thence a rushing noise increasing flies,
Strikes the still shore, and frights us with surprise.
Straight a huge wolf rush'd from the marshy wood,
His jaws besmear'd with mingled foam and blood,
Though equally by hunger urg'd and rage,
His appetite he minds not to assuage ;
Nought that he meets his rabid fury spares,
But the whole herd with mad disorder tears.
Some of our men, who strove to drive him thence,
Torn by his teeth, have died in their defence.
The echoing lakes, the sea, and fields, and shore,
Impurpled blush with streams of reeking gore.
Delay is loss, nor have we time for thought ;
While yet some few remain alive, we ought
To seize our arms, and with confederate force
Try if we so can stop his bloody course.
But Peleus car'd not for his ruin'd herd ;
His crime he call'd to mind, and thence infer'd,
That Psamathe's revenge this havoc made,
In sacrifice to murder'd Phocus' shade.
The king commands his servants to their arms ;
Resolv'd to go ; but the loud noise alarms
His lovely queen, who from her chamber flew,
And her half-plaited hair behind her threw :

About his neck she hung with loving fears,
 And now with words, and now with pleading tears,
 Intreated that he'd send his men alone,
 And stay himself, to save two lives in one.
 Then Peleus : ' Your just fears, O queen ! forget :
 Too much the offer leaves me in your debt.
 No arms against the monster I shall bear,
 But the sea-nymphs appease with humble pray'r.'

The citadel's high turrets pierce the sky,
 Which home-bound vessels, glad, from far descry ;
 This they ascend, and thence with sorrow ken
 The mangled heifers lie, and bleeding men ;
 The' inexorable ravager they view,
 With blood discolour'd, still the rest pursue :
 There Peleus pray'd submissive tow'rd's the sea,
 And deprecates the ire of injur'd Psamathe.
 But deaf to all his prayers the nymph remain'd,
 Till Thetis for her spouse the boon obtain'd.
 Pleas'd with the luxury, the furious beast,
 Unstop'd, continues still his bloody feast :
 While yet upon a sturdy bull he flew,
 Chang'd by the nymph, a marble block he grew.
 No longer dreadful now the wolf appears,
 Buried in stone, and vanish'd like their fears.
 Yet still the fates unhappy Peleus vex'd ;
 To the Magnesian shore he wanders next.
 Acastus there, who rul'd the peaceful clime,
 Grants his request, and expiates his crime.

THE STORY OF CEYX AND ALCYONE.

BY DRYDEN.

These prodigies affect the pious prince ;
 But, more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,

He purposes to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphi, his more fam'd abode,
Since Phrygian robbers made unsafe the road. }
Yet could he not from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal;
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart;
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new.
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And faltering died unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd, and found the wonted way.
'Tell me, my lord,' she said, 'what fault unknown }
Thy once belov'd Alcyonè has done?
Whither, ah, whither, is thy kindness gone!
Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move?
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet if thou go'st by land, though grief possess
My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the less.
But, ah! be warn'd to shun the watry way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea:
For late I saw adrift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in caves constrains the wind,
Can with a breath their clamorous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas:
Not so; for once indulg'd, they sweep the main,
Deaf to the call, or, hearing, hear in vain;
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And, not content with seas, insult the shore,

When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
 And rooted forests fly before their rage :
 At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
 And lightnings run across the fields above.
 I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
 While yet a child within my father's court :
 In times of tempests they command alone,
 And he but sits precarious on the throne :
 The more I know, the more my fears augment ;
 And fears are oft prophetic of the' event.
 But if, not fears or reasons will prevail,
 If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
 Go not without thy wife ; but let me bear
 My part of danger with an equal share,
 And present, what I suffer only fear :
 Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
 Secure to live together, or to die.'

These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
 But still he held his purpose to depart :
 For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
 He would not to the seas expose his wife ;
 Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
 But sought by arguments to soothe her pain.
 Nor these avail'd : at length he lights on one,
 With which so difficult a cause he won :
 ' My love, so short an absence cease to fear ;
 For by my father's holy flame I swear,
 Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
 If Heaven allow me life, I will return.'

This promise of so short a stay prevails ;
 He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
 And gives the word to launch : she trembling views
 This pomp of death, and parting tears renews :

Last with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
Sigh'd with a sad presage, and swooning fell :
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew }
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.

The queen, recover'd, rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies,
Shaking his hand at distance on the main ;
She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, contracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew
The much-lov'd face; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes :
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails :
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsaken of all sight she left the shore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to close :
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.

And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row :
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind and catch the gales :
By this the vessel half her course had run ;
And as much rested till the rising sun ;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day a stiffer gale at east arose :
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the wat'ry war.

This seen, the master soon began to cry,
' Strike, strike the top-sail ; let the main sheet fly,

And furl your sails.' The winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught
Each in his way, officiously they wrought:
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth with labour laves
The' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.

In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suffering seas
Are toss'd and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows,
The' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows:
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill;
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrowds;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And in the fires above the water fries:
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show:
And when the fouler bottom shows the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.
Like various fits the Trachian vessel finds;
And now sublime she rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty summit, looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky.

Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light ;
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering rams a fort :
Or, as a lion bounding in his way,
With force augmented, bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize ; or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear :
So seas impell'd by winds, with added pow'r
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tow'r.

The planks (their pitchy coverings wash'd away)
Now yield ; and now a yawning breach display :
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Meantime, in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean, swell'd with waters, upwards tends ;
One rising, falling one, the Heavens and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way : [rain ;
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend his friendly light ;
Darkness and tempest make a double night ;
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.

Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite ;
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the town ;
So while the' invading billows come abreast,
The hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey :
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows' conquering shout,

And mount on others backs, in hopes to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.

An universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd ;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near ;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief ;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief,
But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate :
One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
And calls those happy whom their funerals wait. }
This wretch with prayers and vows the gods
implores,

And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
The covetous worldling, in his anxious mind,
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All Ceyx his Alcyonè employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys :
His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes him with her :
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more ;
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round ; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts, and with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore [below ;
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,

And toss'd on seas; press'd with the pondrous blow,
Down sinks the ship within the' abyss below :

Down with the vessel sink into the main

The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd planks, with fruitless care,
Lay hold, and swim ; but while they swim, despair.

Ev'n he, who late a sceptre did command,

Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand :

And while he struggles on the stormy main,

Invokes his father and his wife in vain.

But yet his consort is his greatest care,

Alcyonè he names amidst his pray'r ;

Names as a charm against the waves and wind :

Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind.

Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,

From prayers to wishes he descends at last ;

That his dead body, wafted to the sands,

Might have its burial from her friendly hands.

As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,

And peep above the seas, he names the fair ;

And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,

Murmuring Alcyonè below the waves :

At last a falling billow stops his breath,

Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.

Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears

That night, his heavenly form obscur'd with tears ;

And since he was forbid to leave the skies,

He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Meantime Alcyonè (his fate unknown)

Computes how many nights he had been gone ;

Observes the waning moon with hourly view,

Numbers her age, and wishes for a new ;

Against the promis'd time provides with care,

And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear ;

And for her self employs another loom,
New dress'd to meet her lord returning home, {
Flattering her heart with joys that never were {
to come :

She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame, }
And oft before the sacred altars came, }
To pray for him who was an empty name. }
All powers implor'd, but far above the rest
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect ;
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct :
Then pray'd, that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part :
This last petition heard of all her pray'r,
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.

But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held :
Then Iris thus bespoke :—'Thou faithful maid,
By whom thy queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of Sleep ; and bid the god
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm ;
This form before Alcyonè present,
To make her certain of the sad event.'

Indued with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the skies :)
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends, to search the silent house of Sleep.

THE HOUSE OF SLEEP.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god ;
Whose gloomy mansion, nor the rising sun
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon ;
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky.
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day ;
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace :
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry ;
But safe repose without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow ;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And, passing, sheds it on the silent plains :
No door there was the' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-sted :
Black was the covering too where lay the god,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad :
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms ; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.

The virgin entering bright, indulg'd the day
 To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away :
 The god disturb'd with this new glare of light,
 Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
 And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
 And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin ;
 At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame,
 (And asking, yawn'd) for what intent she came ?

To whom the goddess thus : ' O sacred rest,
 Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best !
 O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
 Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the
 day,

Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away !
 Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
 The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
 And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
 The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report :
 Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
 Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.'
 She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
 Unable to support the fumes of Sleep ;
 But fled, returning by the way she went,
 And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.

The god, uneasy till he slept again,
 Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain ;
 And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
 Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd :
 Morpheus, of all his numerous train, express'
 The shape of man, and imitated best ;
 The walk, the words, the gesture could sup-
 The habit mimic, and the mien belye ;
 Plays well, but all his action is confin'd,
 Extending not beyond our human kind.

Another, birds and beasts and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes :
This demon, Icelos, in Heaven's high hall
The gods have nam'd ; but men Phobetor call.
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul ;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams.
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
The rest before the' ignoble commons play.
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd ;
Which done, the lazy monarch, over-watch'd,
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

Darkling the demon glides, for flight prepar'd,
So soft, that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made :
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's ;
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day :
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears ;
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears ;
The briny waters dropping from his hairs.
Then staring on her with a ghastly look,
And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke :
' Know'st thou not me ? Not yet, unhappy wife ?
Or are my features perish'd with my life ?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo, all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost !
Thy vows for my return were all in vain,
The stormy south o'ertook us in the main,
And never shalt thou see thy living Lord again. }

Bear witness, Heaven! I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd a billow stop'd my breath.
Think not that flying fame reports my fate ;
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise ; nor undeplor'd
Permit my soul to pass the Stygian ford ;
But rise, prepar'd in black, to mourn thy pe-
rish'd lord. }

Thus said the player-god ; and adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, that Ceyx shed the
tears :

She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd,
She sigh'd, she wept, and, sleeping, beat her breast ;
Then stretch'd her arms t' embrace his body bare ;
Her clasping arms inclose but empty air ;
At this, not yet awake, she cried, ' O stay :
One is our fate, and common is our way !'

So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That starting sudden up, the slumber broke ;
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true :
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks ;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.
Her nurse demands the cause ; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies :

' No more Alcyonè ; she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath :
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none ;
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone :

I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew :
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face : [hair,
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard and dropping
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair :
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slipt, and vanish'd from
the place !

There, ev'n just there, he stood :—and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was she cast her look :
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,
If any printed footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd, and said ; ' This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fears presag'd too true :
'Twas what I beg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and snffer'd thee to part ;
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way !
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd ; ev'n not in death disjoin'd !
So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there.
Now I die absent, in the vast profound ;
And me, without my self, the seas have drown'd.
The storms were not so cruel ; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive ;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyonè shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.

No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,

And stop'd her tongue; but what her tongue denied,
Soft tears, and groans, and dumb complaints supplied.

'Twas morning: to the port she takes her way,
And stands upon the margin of the sea:

That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought,

Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,

' 'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd

His parting kiss, and there his anchors weigh'd.' }

Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions
And call to mind, admonish'd by the place, [trace,

Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,

And somewhat floating from afar descries:

It seems a corps a-drift, to distant sight,

But at a distance who could judge aright?

It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew,

That what before she but surmis'd, was true:

A corps it was, but whose it was, unknown;

Yet mov'd howe'er, she made the case her own:

Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,

As for a stranger wept, and thus began:

' Poor wretch! on stormy seas to lose thy life;

Unhappy thou, but more thy widow-wife.'

At this she paus'd:—For now the flowing tide

Had brought the body nearer to the side:

The more she looks, the more her fears increase,

At nearer sight; and she's herself the less.

Now driv'n ashore, and at her feet it lies,

She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees;

Her husband's corps!—at this she loudly shrieks,

' 'Tis he, 'tis he!' she cries, and tears her cheeks,

Her hair, and vest; and, stooping to the sands,

About his neck she cast her trembling hands.

' And is it thus, O dearer than my life!

Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife!"

She said, and to the neighbouring mole she strode,
(Rais'd there to break the' incursions of the flood.)
Headlong from hence to plunge herself she springs,—
But shoots along, supported on her wings;
A bird new-made, about the banks she plies,
Not far from shore, and short excursions tries;
Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas:
Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice.
Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries:
At all her stretch, her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead;
Then flickering to his palid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love.
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown:
The gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection still is tied,
And still the mournful race is multiplied:
They bill, they tread; Alcyonè compress'd,
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest;
A wintry queen! her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smoothes the seas.

ÆSACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT.

These, some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair:

Then to his friend the long-neck'd Cormorant shows,
 The former tale reviving others woes :
 ' That sable bird,' he cries, ' which cuts the flood
 With slender legs, was once of royal blood ;
 His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
 The brave Laomedon and Ganymede,
 (Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy)
 And Priam, hapless prince ! who fell with Troy :
 Himself was Hector's brother, and (had fate
 But given this hopeful youth a longer date)
 Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
 Though on the mother's side of meaner birth ;
 Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
 Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
 He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
 Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
 And seldom to the city would resort. }
 Yet he no rustic clownishness profess'd,
 Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast :
 The youth had long the nymph Hesperie woo'd,
 Oft through the thicket or the mead pursued ;
 Her haply on her father's bank he spied,
 While fearless she her silver tresses dry'd ;
 Away she fled : not stags with half such speed,
 Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead ;
 Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
 Pursued by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
 As fast he follow'd in the hot career ;
 Desire the lover wing'd ; the virgin, fear.
 A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot ;
 Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot : }
 She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit.
 Her lifeless body, frightened, he embrac'd,
 And cried, ' Not this I dreaded, but thy haste :

O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory, thus bought, is far too dear.
Accursed snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was giv'n by me.
Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you died." }
He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er hanging side, }
And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide :
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he sought denied, and feathers gave.
Debar'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curs'd the' unask'd relief:
Then on his airy pinions upward flies, }
And at a second fall successless tries ; }
The downy plume a quick descent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for the' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his spirits prey'd :
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.'

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XII.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN.

THE TROJAN WAR.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son :
A Cenotaph his name and title kept, [wept.
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers,
This pious office Paris did not share ;
Absent alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
To' avenge the rape ; and Asia to subdue.

A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea ; }
Nor had their just resentments found delay, }
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way. }
At Aulis, with united powers they meet ;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore ;
A boding sign the priests and people see :
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And in the leafy summit spied a nest,
Which o'er a callow young a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd ; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care ; but still in view :

Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood ;
Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drunk her blood.
This dire ostent the fearful people view ;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heaven decreed ; and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
' O Argives ! we shall conquer : Troy is ours ;
But long delays shall first afflict our pow'rs :
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend ;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.'

The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held ;
But, as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone :
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.

Yet, not for this, the wind-bound navy weigh'd ;
Slack were their sails ; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd.
Not so the seer, who knew, and known, foreshow'd
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd. The common cause
Prevail'd ; and pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia the devoted maid
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd.
All mourn her fate, but no relief appear'd ;
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd :
When that offended power, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath ; and stop'd the coming
A mist before the ministers she cast, [blow.
And, in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd.
The' oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd :
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian gallies bore.

THE HOUSE OF FAME.

Full in the midst of this created space, [place,
 Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a
 Confining on all three, with triple bound;
 Whence all things, though remote, are view'd }
 around, }
 And thither bring their undulating sound.
 The palace of loud Fame, her seat of pow'r,
 Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tow'r;
 A thousand winding entries long and wide,
 Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide:
 A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
 Nor gate, nor bars, exclude the busy trade.
 'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
 The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
 Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
 A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
 Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
 But a deaf noise of sounds, that never cease.
 Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
 Of tides receding from the' insulted shore.
 Or like the broken thunder heard from far,
 When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
 The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
 Of crowds, or issuing forth or ent'ring in:
 A thorough-fare of news; where some devise
 Things never heard, some mingle truth with lies:
 The troubled air with empty sounds they beat,
 Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
 Error sits brooding there, with added train
 Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:
 Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near, [fear.
 And rumours rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panic

Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above, inquiring all around.

The goddess gives the' alarm; and soon is known
The Grecian fleet descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore, from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand;
Which with expense of blood the Grecians won;
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's son:
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes; and what deaths they dealt.

THE STORY OF CYGNUS.

From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcasses, and stain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks. Where'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he sought:
Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-man'd steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage with a gentle stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe;
And, rising, shook his lance, in act to throw.
But first he cried, 'O youth! be proud to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Pelides' spear.'
The lance pursued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuirass; with such fury sent,
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune; 'Goddess-born!
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;

This helm and heavy buckler I can spare,
As only decorations of the war :
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring :
Thy sire is mortal ; mine is ocean's king ;
Secure of death, I should condemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassible depart ?'
He said, and threw : the trembling weapon pass'd }
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd, }
On his broad shield ; and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out ; and sent again
The hostile gift : the hostile gift was vain.
He tried a third, a tough well-chosen spear ;
The' inviolable body stood sincere ;
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.

Not otherwise the' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull incompass'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars, provok'd from far
By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war :
They quit their ground, his bended horns elude ;
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursued.

Before to further fight he would advance,
He stood considering, and survey'd his lance :
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear
Without a point ; he look'd, the point was there.
' This is my hand, and this my lance,' he said, }
' By which so many thousand foes are dead, }
O whither is their usual virtue fled !
I had it once ; and the Lyrnessian wall,
And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
Thy streams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimson-flood ;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives' blood.

Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
 To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
 The vigour of this arm was never vain :
 And that my wonted prowess I retain,
 Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.' }
 He said ; and, doubtful of his former deeds,
 To some new trial of his force proceeds.
 He chose Menætes from among the rest ;
 At him he launch'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast :
 On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
 And lay supine ; and forth the spirit fled.

Then thus the hero : ' Neither can I blame
 The hand, or javelin ; both are still the same.
 The same I will employ against this foe,
 And wish but with the same success to throw.'
 So spoke the chief ; and while he spoke he threw :
 The weapon with unerring fury flew,
 At his left shoulder aim'd : nor entrance found ;
 But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
 Harmless return'd : a bloody mark appear'd,
 Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
 Wound there was none ; the blood that was in
 The lance before from slain Menætes drew. [view,

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
 And in close fight on foot renews the war.
 Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows ;
 Nor shield, nor armour can their force oppose ;
 Huge cantlets¹ of his buckler strew the ground,
 And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
 But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen ;
 The sword itself is blunted on the skin.

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears ;
 But round his hollow temples and his ears

¹ Fragments.

His buckler beats : the son of Neptune, stunn'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground :
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night ;
Inverted nature swims before his sight :
The' insulting victor presses on the more,
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before ;
Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stop'd his way :
Achilles took the' advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his knees, above his panting breast.
Unlac'd his helm : about his chin the twist
He tied ; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the dead :
The vanish'd body from his arm was fled.
His sea-god sire, t' immortalize his frame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward,
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard :
The feast approach'd ; when to the blue-ey'd maid }
His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid, }
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw,
And to the gods the grateful odour flew.
Heaven had its part in sacrifice : the rest
Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.
The chief-invited guests were set around ; }
And hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were crown'd }
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours
drown'd.

The mellow harp did not their ears employ ;
And mute was all the warlike symphony :
Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night :
The subject, deeds of arms ; and valour shown,
Or on the Trojan side or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd,
They talk'd by turns : the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well ?
The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain :
Wondering to find a body free by fate
From steel ; and which could ev'n that steel rebate :
Amaz'd, their admiration they renew ;
And scarce Pelides cou'd believe it true.

THE STORY OF CÆNEUS.

Then Nestor thus : ' What once this age has
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone, [known,
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before ;
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage and in strength excell'd ;
And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd :
But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang'd his sex) a woman born.'

A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit :
' O Father ! first for prudence in repute ;
Tell, with that eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus known :
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won ?

Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life ?

Neleides then : ' Though tardy age and time
Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime ;
Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms achiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind,
Than aught beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second century, I survey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid :
Cænis the bright, was born to high command ;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles ; every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her bed,
Among the rest ; but he had either led
Thy mother then ; or was by promise tied ;
But she to him, and all, alike her love denied.

It was her fortune once to take her way
Along the sandy margin of the sea :
The power of ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So Fame reports. Her virgin-treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys, the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cried ;
' Ask what thou wilt, no prayer shall be denied.'
This also Fame relates : the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a god cou'd bear,
This answer, proud, return'd ; ' To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompense, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a shame ;
But change the woman, for a better name :

One gift for all." She said ; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.

A man she was : and, as the godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.

To this the lover adds, without request,
" No force of steel should violate his breast."
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes ;
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal
foes.

THE SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE CENTAURS AND
LAPITHITES.

Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's son,
The love of fair Hippodamè had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast :
In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs 'o'er-
shade.

They sat : and summon'd by the bridegroom, came,
To mix with those, the Lapithæan name :
Nor wanted I : the roofs with joy resound :
And Hymen, Iö Hymen, rung around.
Rais'd altars shone with holy fires ; the bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace),
Came glittering like a star, and took her place.
Her heavenly form beheld, all wish'd her joy ;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all
employ.

For one, most brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
The bride ; at once resolv'd to make his prize.

Down went the board : and fastening on her hair,
He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair.
'Twas Eurytus began : his bestial kind
His crime pursued ; and each, as pleas'd his mind,
Or her, whom chance presented, took : the feast
An image of a taken town express'd.

The cave resounds with female shrieks ; we rise,
Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise :
And Theseus first, ' What phrenzy has possess'd,
O Eurytus ! ' he cried, ' thy brutal breast,
To wrong Pirithous ; and not him alone,
But while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one ! '

To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride :
The monster nought replied : (for words were vain,
And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain ;)
But answers with his hand, and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
An ample goblet stood, of antique mould,
And rough with figures of the rising gold ;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air
Full at the front of the foul ravisher.
He falls ; and falling, vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring and half neighing through the hall,
' Arms ! arms ! ' the double-form'd with fury call ;
To wreak their brother's death : a medly flight
Of bowls and jars, at first supply the fight
(Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate ;)
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.

Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight : a sconce that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd to light the sacristy,

Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell ; and left
His face of feature and of form bereft :
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to ground ;
His nose, dismantled, in his mouth is found ;
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd
wound.

This, Belates, the' avenger, could not brook ;
But, by the foot, a maple-board he took,
And hurl'd at Amycus ; his chin it bent
Against his chest, and down the centaur sent ;
Whom sputtering bloody teeth, the second blow
Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.

Grineus was near ; and cast a furious look
On the side-altar, 'cens'd with sacred smoke,
And bright with flaming fires : ' The gods,' he cried,
' Have with their holy trade our hands supplied :
Why use we not their gifts ? Then from the floor
An altar-stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore :
Altar and altar's freight together flew,
Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew :
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus slew. }
Oryus' mother, Mycalè, was known
Down from her sphere to draw the labouring moon.

Exadius cried, ' Unpunish'd shall not go
This fact, if arms are found against the foe.'
He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
The votive horns of a stag's branching head :
At Grineus these he throws ; so just they fly,
That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye.

Breathless and blind he fell ; with blood besmear'd ;
 His eye-balls beaten out, hung dangling on his beard.
 Fierce Rhætus from the hearth a burning brand
 Selects and whirling waves ; till, from his hand
 The fire took flame ; then dash'd it from the right,
 On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight :
 The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone,
 And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while it
 shone.

Caught, like dry stubble fir'd ; or like seerwood ; }
 Yet from the wound ensued no purple flood ; }
 But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood. }
 His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound ;
 And hiss'd, like red-hot iron within the smithy
 drown'd.

The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
 Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
 He heaves the threshold-stone, but could not throw ;
 The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow ;
 Which dropping from his lifted arms, came down
 Full on Cometes' head ; and crush'd his crown.
 Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy ; but said, }
 ' So by their fellows may our foes be sped ! ' }
 Then with redoubled strokes he plied his head ; }
 The burning lever not deludes his pains,
 But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.

Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
 Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursued :
 First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew ;
 Whose fall, when fierce Evagrus had in view,
 He cried, ' What palm is from a beardless prey ?'
 Rhætus prevents what more he had to say ;
 And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
 Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his breath.

At Dryas next he flew : but weary chance
 No longer would the same success advance ;
 For while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
 The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found ;
 And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound. }
 The weapon stuck ; which, roaring out with pain, }
 He drew ; nor longer durst the fight maintain, }
 But turn'd his back for fear ; and fled amain. }
 With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd ;
 Thaumās, and Medon wounded in the breast ;
 And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
 Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
 Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
 And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering slew :
 And augur Astylos, whose art in vain
 From fight dissuaded the four-footed train, }
 Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain ; }
 But to his fellow cried, ' Be safely slow,
 Thy death defer'd is due to great Alcides' bow.'

Meantime strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,
 That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell ;
 All, one by one, and fighting face to face :
 Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace ;
 For fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore,
 Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before.
 Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
 Snoring, and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
 Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
 And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
 Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd ;
 Take thy next draught, with Stygian waters mix'd,
 And ' sleep thy fill,' the' insulting victor cried :
 Surpris'd with death unfelt, the centaur died :

The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
 Repass'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.

I saw *Petræus*' arms employ'd around
 A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
 This way and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands;
 The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
 And still obey'd the bent. While thus he stood,
Pirithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood:
Lycus, and *Chromis* fell, by him oppress'd;
Helops, and *Dictys* added to the rest
 A nobler palm: *Helops*, through either ear
 Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
 This *Dictys* saw; and, seiz'd with sudden fright,
 Leap'd headlong from the hill of steepy height;
 And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not bear
 his weight. }

The shatter'd tree receives his fall; and strikes,
 Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
 Strong *Aphareus* had heav'd a mighty stone,
 The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
 But *Theseus*, with a club of harden'd oak,
 The cubit-bone of the bold centaur broke;
 And left him maim'd; nor seconded the stroke. }
 Then leap'd on tall *Bianor*'s back: (who bore
 No mortal burden but his own, before)
 Press'd with his knees his sides; the double man,
 His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
 One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
 His other plied him with repeated strokes:
 The club rung round his ears, and batter'd brows;
 He falls, and, lashing up his heels, his rider throws.

The same Herculean arms *Nedymnus* wound;
 And lay by him *Lycotas* on the ground:

And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades ;
And Ripheus, hunter of the woodland shades :
And Tereus, us'd with mountain bears to strive,
And from their dens to draw the' indignant beasts
alive.

Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,
Or the long fortune of the' Athenian knight ;
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age :
The root stuck fast : the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus ; Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside ; by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To shun : (for so he said ; and we believ'd it so.)
Yet not in vain the' enormous weight was cast ;
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist :
Thy father's 'squire, Achilles, and his care ;
Whom conquer'd in the Pelopeian war,
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.

Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate ;
And cried, ' Not long, lov'd Crantor ! shalt thou
wait

'Thy vow'd revenge.' At once he said, and threw
His ashen-spear, which quiver'd as it flew ;
With all his force, and all his soul applied,
The sharp point enter'd in the centaur's side ;
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd,
And wrench'd it out ; but left the steel behind ;
Stuck in his lungs it stood : enrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head ; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust,
He sped the centaur, with one single thrust,

Two more his lance before transfix'd from far ;
 And two, his sword had slain, in closer war.
 To these was added Dorylas, who spread
 A bull's two goring horns around his head.
 With these he push'd ; in blood already dy'd,
 Him, fearless, I approach'd ; and thus defied :
 ' Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
 Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.'
 At this, I threw : for want of other ward,
 He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
 His hand it pass'd ; and fix'd it to his brow :
 Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow.
 Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
 Which through the navel pierc'd : he reel'd around, }
 And drag'd his dangling bowels on the ground : }
 Trod what he drag'd ; and what he trod, he crush'd ;
 And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, rush'd.

THE STORY OF CYLLARUS AND HYLONOME.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus ! foreslow
 Thy fate : (if form to monsters men allow :)
 Just bloom'd thy beard ; thy beard of golden hue :
 Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
 Sprightly thy look ! thy shapes in every part
 So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art,
 As far as man extended : where began
 The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
 Add but a horse's head and neck ; and he,
 O Castor ! was a courser worthy thee.
 So was his back proportion'd for the seat :
 So rose his brawny chest ; so swiftly mov'd his feet.
 Coal-black his colour, but like jet it shone ;
 His legs and flowing tail were white alone.

Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonomè possess'd his mind;
Hylonomè, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confessing love.
For him she dress'd: for him, with female care
She comb'd, and set in curl, her auburn hair.
Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, and adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pégasæan fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play,
She wash'd her face; and bath'd her twice a-day.
The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
Was ermine, or the panther's spotted pride;
Spoils of no common beast. With equal flame
They lov'd: their silvan pleasures were the same.
All day they hunted: and when day expir'd,
Together to some shady cave retir'd:
Invited to the nuptials, both repair;
And side by side, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was sent; which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall, [ground:
And strove his wandering spirits to recall:
And while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my stunn'd ears receive no vocal sound.

In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
 New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart ;
 To her bare bosom the sharp point applied ;
 And wounded fell ; and falling by his side,
 Embrac'd him in her arms ; and, thus embracing,
 died.

Ev'n still methinks I see Phæocomes ;
 Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
 Six lions hides, with thongs together fast,
 His upper part defended to his waist ;
 And where man ended, the continued vest
 Spread on his back, the houss' and trappings of a
 A stump too heavy for a team to draw [beast.
 (It seems a fable, though the fact I saw ;)
 He threw at Pholon ; the descending blow
 Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
 The brains, from nose, and mouth, and either ear,
 Came issuing out, as through a colander
 The curdled milk ; or from the press the whey,
 Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
 Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
 Then Chthonius, and Teleboas I slew :
 A fork the former arm'd ; a dart his fellow threw.
 The javelin wounded me ; (behold the scar)
 Then was my time to seek the Trojan war ;
 Then I was Hector's match in open field ;
 But he was then unborn ; at least a child :
 Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
 By Periphantas how Pyretus fell ;
 The centaur by the knight : nor will I stay
 On Amphyx, or what deaths he dealt that day :

¹ Housings.

What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight :
Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,
Whose valour equal'd his foreseeing mind.

CÆNEUS TRANSFORMED TO AN EAGLE.

Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band,
Pyrachus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus.
Their names I number'd, and remember well ;
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace ;
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
Betwixt the' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance ;
And rode the ring around ; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast :—
“ And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame ?
For Cænis still, not Cæneus, is thy name :
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert ; what price was paid
To change thy sex ; to make thee not a maid ;
And but a man in show. Go, card and spin,
And leave the business of the war to men.”

While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side ;
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran ;
Betwixt the nether beast, and upper man :

The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
 His lance directed at the hero's heart :
 It struck ; but bounded from his harden'd breast,
 Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest.
 Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
 Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
 He next his falchion tried, in closer fight ;
 But the keen falchion had no power to bite.
 He thrust ; the blunted point return'd again :
 ' Since downright blows,' he cried, ' and thrusts
 are vain,

I'll prove his side.' In strong embraces held
 He prov'd his side ; his side the sword repell'd :
 His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke,
 Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock ; [broke. }
 Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers }
 The' impassive knight stood idle, to deride }
 His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side ; }
 Atlength, ' Now, monster, in thy turn,' he cried, }
 ' Try thou the strength of Cæneus : ' at the word
 He thrust ; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
 Then writh'd his hand ; and as he drove it down,
 Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.

The Centaurs saw, enrag'd, the' unhop'd success ;
 And rushing on in crowds, together press ;
 At him, and him alone, their darts they threw ;
 Repuls'd, they from his fated body flew.
 Amaz'd they stood ; till Monychus began,
 ' O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man !
 A woman-man ! yet more a man is he,
 Than all our race ; and what he was, are we.
 Now, what avail our nerves ? the' united force,
 Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse ;

Nor goddess-born; nor of Ixion's seed
We seem; (a lover built for Juno's bed;)
Master'd by this half-man. Whole mountains throw
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choke the soul within; though not to force it out.
Heap weights, instead of wounds.' He chanc'd
to see

Where southern storms had rooted up a tree;
This rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw;
The example shown, his fellow-brutes pursue.
With forest-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys, and Pelion soon were void of shade;
And spreading groves were naked mountains }
made.

Press'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave the' intolerable weight he tries;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes:
Yet still he heaves; and struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air:
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then resumes again.
At last, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake stirs the' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he suffocated seem'd,
To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd.
Who said he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the piles and cleave the liquid skies:
I saw it too, with golden feathers bright;
Nor ere before beheld so strange a sight.
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinion's rattling sound.

'All hail!' he cried, 'thy country's grace and love!
Once first of men below, now first of birds above.
Its author to the story gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Asham'd to see a single man, pursued
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude,
We push'd the foe: and forc'd to shameful flight,
Part fell, and part escap'd by favour of the night.'

THE FATE OF PERICLYMENOS.

This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules:

For often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray;
And more than shar'd the glories of the day. }

'Old chronicle!' he said, 'among the rest,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise?' The Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud defence;
'My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I wou'd have lost; but you renew the wound:
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The cause I have your mighty sire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
(Which oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny!)
We praise not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.

He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
Messenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylos; that a neighbouring state,
And this my own: both guiltless of their fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew,

All youths of early promise, had they liv'd ;
By him they perish'd : I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy conquest : but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.
To him, our common grandsire of the main
Had giv'n to change his form, and chang'd, resume
again.

Varied at pleasure, every shape he tried ;
And in all beasts Alcides still defied.
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above ;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove :
The new-dissembled eagle, now endued
With beak and pounces, Hercules pursued,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face ;
Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe ;
But bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood :
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound ; but in the sinew hung
The point, and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain ;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain :
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupplied
Hung drooping down, nor pois'd his other side.
He fell : the shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aslant ; he spurns the
ground,

And the soul issues through the wezon's wound.

Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas !
What praise is due from me to Hercules ?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers ; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke ;
Then to full bowls each other they provoke.
At length, with weariness and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.

THE DEATH OF ACHILLES.

The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the main, }
Meantime laments his son, in battle slain, }
And vows the victor's death ; nor vows in vain. }
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore ;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before)
'Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the god that guides the year :
' Immortal offspring of my brother Jove !
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine to raise the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall,
Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
And the defenders of our city slain ?
To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpitied, drag'd around his native Troy ?
And yet the murderer lives : himself by far
A greater plague than all the wasteful war.
He lives ; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost.
Oh, could I meet him ! but I wish too late :
To prove my trident is not in his fate !
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.'

Apollo bows to the superior throne,
And to his uncle's anger adds his own ;
Then, in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight ;

And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
 And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood :
 Phœbus to him alone the god confess'd,
 'Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd:
 'Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
 On a degenerate and ignoble train?
 If fame or better vengeance be thy care,
 'There aim, and with one arrow end the war.'

He said; and show'd from far the blazing shield }
 And sword, which but Achilles none could wield; }
 And how he mov'd a god, and mow'd the stand-
 ing field. }

The deity himself directs aright
 The' envenom'd shaft, and wings the fatal flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name :
 And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame ;
 A spectacle to glad the Trojan train,
 And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
 If by a female hand he had foreseen
 He was to die, his wish had rather been
 The lance and double axe of the fair warrior-
 queen. }

And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
 The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
 High on a pile the' unconquer'd chief is plac'd,
 The god that arm'd him first, consum'd at last.
 Of all the mighty man, the small remains
 A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains :
 Yet, great in Homer, still Achilles lives ;
 And, equal to himself, himself survives.

His buckler owns its former lord, and brings
 New cause of strife betwixt contending kings ;
 Who worthiest after him his sword to wield,
 Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.

Ev'n Diomedé sat mute, with downcast eyes,
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize :
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim ;
Nor he, the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose ; Laertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon :
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws,
And to the Grecian chiefs transfer'd the cause.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIII.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES.

BY DRYDEN.

THE chiefs were set; the soldiers crown'd the field :
To these the master of the seven-fold shield
Upstart'd fierce; and, kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys haul'd aground.
Then stretching out his hands, ' O Jove!' he cried,
' Must then our cause before the fleet be tried?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled that memorable day, [prey :
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great ;
His arms are, a smooth tongue, and soft deceit :
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see ;
The sun and day are witnesses for me.

Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less ;
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain :
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were my known valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good :
My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd ;
And who before, with Jason sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the Golden Fleece.
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (the' inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below ; where Sisypheus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy
Just Æacus, the king of gods above [stone)
Begot : thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine :
As next of kin, Achilles' arms I claim ;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock ; and the Sisyphean seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed :
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name,
Nor shun'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid?
While he long lurking was to war betray'd :
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear,
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear ;
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare ;
(Ill for himself) and drag'd him into war.

Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he who shun'd all honours gain the best :
And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in
fight.

Better for us at home had he remain'd,
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd ; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsell'd crime, which brands the
Grecian name :

Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd ;
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
His sufferings and our baseness he bemoans :
And wishes (so may Heaven his wish fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds, [wounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with
To find him food and clothing, must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.
Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
Because he left Ulysses' company ;
Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid,
Rather to have been left than so to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal spite,
Who sham'd him out of madness into fight ;
Nor daring otherwise to vent his hate,
Accus'd him first of treason to the state ;
And then, for proof, produc'd the golden store
Himself had hidden in his tent before :
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
By exile one, and one by treason lost.

Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man but to his friends :
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound?
Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found.
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left this faithful Nestor on the plain ;
Forsook his friend ev'n at his utmost need,
Who, tir'd and tardy with his wounded steed,
Cried out for aid, and call'd him by his name ;
But cowardice has neither ears nor shame.
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd :
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssean lie,
I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, though his friend,
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend :
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear ;
And, sure enough, he heard, but durst not hear.
 ' The gods with equal eyes on mortals look,
He justly was forsaken who forsook :
Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow such another friend.
No wonder if he roar'd that all might hear ;
His elocution was increas'd by fear :
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half-dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause ;
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe ;
(Ev'n the shield trembled as he lay below)
And from impending fate the coward freed :
Good Heaven forgive me for so bad a deed !
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life :

Let him return to that opprobrious field ;
Again creep under my protecting shield :
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confess his fear ;
There put him in the very jaws of fate,
And let him plead his cause in that estate :
And yet when snatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted shield I loos'd, and let him go ;
Good Heavens ! how light the rose, with what a bound
He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound ;
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply :
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly !

‘ Hector came on, and brought the gods along ;
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong :
Each Greek was an Ulysses ; such a dread
The' approach and ev'n the sound of Hector bred.
Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest
I met, and overturn'd him to the ground ; [crown'd,
When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our host to single fight ;
All eyes were fix'd on me : the lots were thrown ;
But for your champion I was wish'd alone.
Your vows were heard ; we fought, and neither yield ;
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
With Jove to friend, the' insulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame.
Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour, that sav'd you from the sword ?
Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save ?
The hopes of your return ! and can you yield,
For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield ?
Think it no boast, O Grecians ! if I deem
These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them :

Or I with them an equal honour share ;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his sleight ?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign :
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain ;
A priest made prisoner, Pallas made a prey :
But none of all these actions done by day :
Nor ought of these was done, and Diomed away.
If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share ;
Make a just dividend ; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomed will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes ?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game :
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that morion, or sustain the weight ;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance ;
Much less the left that ampler shield advance,
Pondrous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look, as for the gold he stole the shield ;
Which, should your error on the wretch bestow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe.
Why asks he what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd ?
You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-shield,
Not the least dint has suffer'd in the field,

Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake its lord.
What further need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds; let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
Go, cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.'

He said:—A murmur from a multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
'Till from his seat arose Laërtes' son,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to the' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
'If Heaven, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd:
But since hard fate, and Heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me;—
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew)
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing; nor I may lose the prize
By having sense, which Heaven to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd;
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence

And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime where nature made it none ;
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect ; but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine ;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree :
My sire Laërtes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter :
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line : let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the gods allied.
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better dare I claim desert,
Or that my sire from parricide is free ;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me :
The prize be to the best ; provided yet
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim ;
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour tried :
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus, his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field ;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield :
And Teucer has an uncle's right ; yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.

Then since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell.

‘Thetis, who knew the Fates, applied her care
To keep Achilles in disguise from war,
And till the threat’ning influence was past,
A woman’s habit on the hero cast:
All eyes were cozen’d by the borrow’d vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there. At length I came
With proffer’d wares to this pretended dame:
She, not discover’d by her mien or voice,
Betray’d her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp’d in her warlike hand, a javelin shook:
Whom, by this act reveal’d, I thus bespoke: }
“O goddess-born! resist not Heaven’s decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv’d for thee.”
Then seiz’d him, and, produc’d in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer’d by my spear,
And after cur’d: to me the Thebans owe
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla. Not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnessus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector’s death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
‘When Greece was injur’d in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to avenge the’ offence,

'Twas a dead calm or adverse blasts that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd :
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear,
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, interest, fame, his heart assail'd ;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd :
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the gods, as they with him.
No subject could sustain their sovereign's look,
Till this hard enterprise I undertook :
I only durst the' imperial power control,
And undermin'd the parent in his soul ;
Forc'd him to' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed ;
Yet this I won by dint of argument :
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent, }
And his own office, sham'd him to consent. }

'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind ;
And to this heavy task was I design'd :
Reasons against her love I knew were vain ;
I circumvented whom I could not gain :
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.

' Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy :
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glittering with steel, and crowded with resort :
There, in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws ;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.

Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
I mov'd; but Paris, and his lawless crew,
Scarce held their hands and lifted swords; but stood
In act to quench their impious thirst of blood :
This Menelaus knows ; expos'd to share
With me the rough prelude of the war.

‘ Endless it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or council, since the siege begun :
The first encounter's past, the foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
War seem'd asleep for nine long years : at length,
Both sides resolv'd to push, we tried our strength.
Now what did Ajax, while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms
I trap'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms ;
Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel-train :
Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd ;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common
cause pursued.

‘ The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What subject durst arraign the Power Supreme,
Producing Jove to justify his dream ?
Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
From shameful flight ; but wishes were in vain :
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of course his thundering tongue affords.
But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay ?
None, none of these :—but ran himself away. }
I saw him run, and was asham'd to see ;
Who ply'd his feet so fast to get aboard as he ?

Then speeding through the place, I made a stand,
And loudly cry'd, "O base degenerate band,
To leave a town already in your hand!"
After so long expense of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual shame!"
These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds: they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort.
Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide-opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from flight.

'Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with
thee?—

But Diomede desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.
As guided by a god, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes;
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host.
Unforc'd by lots I went, without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lie;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till, undermin'd, [sign'd.
I drew him first to tell what treach'rous Troy de-
My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd;
But, not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd:

Invaded Rhesus and his Thracian crew,
And him and his in their own strength I slew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat :
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds :
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days outbalance this one night.

‘ Nor fought I darkling still : the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field :
You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Chromius, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus ;
Coon, Chersidamas ; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage tried :
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground ;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound :
All honest, all before : believe not me ;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.’
At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his scars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars.
‘ Nor is this part unexercis'd ;’ said he,
‘ That giant-bulk of his from wounds is free :
Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I :
But this avails me not ; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet : this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due)
But, thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.

}

Patroclus in Achilles' arms (and thought
The chief he seem'd) with equal ardour fought ;
Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

' But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat sought.
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me!
All were as eager for the fight as he :
He but the ninth, and not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice :
They fought ; nor can our hero boast the' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.

' Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away ?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas ! to his relief ;
For the brave soul was fled. Full of my friend,
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend ;
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away :
Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
The ponderous ruins of so great a man :
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.

' Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms, thus labour'd, for her son prepare, }
'That Ajax after him the heavenly gift shou'd wear ? }
For that dull soul to stare, with stupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize !
What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's wat'ry field ?

The Pleiads, Hyads ; less and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in seas ; Orion's angry star ;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand ;
Would he wear arms he cannot understand ?

‘ Beside, what wise objections he prepares
Against my late accession to the wars !
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force against Achilles bent ?
For if dissembling be so great a crime,
The fault is common, and the same in him :
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is less who sooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her son ; and me, my pious wife.
To them the blossoms of our youth were due,
Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with so great a man my guilt I share :
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
But by this fool I never had been caught.

‘ Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you ;
If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
Your honour suffer'd in the' unjust decree :
I but accus'd, you doom'd : and yet he died
Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly tried :
You heard not he was false ; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifest ; the bribe reveal'd.

‘ That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone ;
Defend your justice, for the fact's your own :

'Tis true the' advice was mine ; that staying there
He might his weary limbs with rest repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war. }
He took the counsel, and he lives at least ;
The' event declares I counsell'd for the best :
Though faith is all in ministers of state ;
For who can promise to be fortunate ?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit or weak address employ,
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence :
But Xanthus shall run backward ; Ida stand
A leafless mountain ; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy ; if, when my counsel fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

' Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
Against thy fellows, and the king of men ;
Curse my devoted head above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast :
Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.

' Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpris'd by night ; and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war,
Heaven's dark decrees, and answers to display,
And how to take the town, and where the secret lay :
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian-maid :
That work was mine ; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while she was in Troy did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd ?
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.

If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boasting champion thought the task not light
To pass the guards, commit himself to night;
Not only through a hostile town to pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
With wandering steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patroness to steal:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monstrous bulk, his seven-fold shield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.

‘Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil and praise; but when thy might
Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well assur'd that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right than Ajax can pretend:
As good, at least, Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with sword and spear.
All these had been my rivals in the shield,
And yet all these to my pretensions yield.
Thy hoisterous hands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war.

Thy province is to fight ; but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me.
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd :
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.

By how much more the ship her safety owes
To him who steers, than him that only rows ;
By how much more the captain merits praise,
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys ;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canst but execute what I design.

What gain'st thou, brutal man ! if I confess
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less ?
Mind is the man : I claim my whole desert
From the mind's vigour, and the' immortal part.

' But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war :
For all my labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace :
Enter the town ; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty ;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering tow'rs,
And by their taken gods, which now are ours ;
Or if there yet a further task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains ;
If yet some desperate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind ;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome ;
Award those arms I ask, by your decree :
Or give to this, what you refuse to me.'

He ceas'd : and ceasing, with respect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.

Heaven, air, and ocean, rung with loud applause,
 And by the general vote he gain'd his cause.
 Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
 And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withstand
 The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
 Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
 But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain :
 Then snatching out his falchion, 'Thou,' said he,
 ' Art mine ; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
 O often tired, and ever-trusty sword,
 Now do thy last kind office to thy lord :
 'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
 None but himself himself could overthrow !'
 He said, and with so good a will to die,
 Did to his breast the fatal point apply :
 It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
 Where never weapon enter'd but his own.
 No hands could force it thence, so fix'd it stood,
 Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting
 blood.
 The fruitful blood produc'd a flower which grew }
 On a green stem ; and of a purple hue ; }
 Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew ;
 Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
 But those express the grief, and these the name.

THE STORY OF POLYXENA AND HECUBA.

BY TEMPLE STANYAN.

The victor with full sails for Lemnos stood,
 (Once stain'd by matrons with their husbands'
 blood)

Thence Great Alcides' fatal shafts to bear,
Assign'd to Philoctetes' secret care.
These with their guardian to the Greeks convey'd,
Their ten years toil with wish'd success repaid.
With Troy old Priam falls: his queen survives;
Till, all her woes complete, transform'd she grieves
In borrow'd sounds, nor with a human face,
Barking tremendous o'er the plains of Thrace.
Still Ilium's flames their pointed columns raise,
And the red Hellespont reflects the blaze.
Shed on Jove's altar are the poor remains
Of blood, which trickled from old Priam's veins.
Cassandra lifts her hands to Heaven in vain,
Drag'd by her sacred hair; the trembling train
Of matrons to their burning temples fly;
There to their gods for kind protection cry,
And to their statues cling till forc'd away,
The victor Greeks bear off the' invidious prey.
From those high towers Astyanax is thrown,
Whence he was wont with pleasure to look down,
When oft his mother with a fond delight
Pointed to view his father's rage in fight,
To win renown, and guard his country's right. }

The winds now call to sea; brisk northern gales
Sing in the shrowds, and court the spreading sails.
' Farewell, dear Troy!' the captive matrons cry,
' Yes, we must leave our long-lov'd native sky.'
Then prostrate on the shore they kiss the sand,
And quit the smoking ruins of the land.
Last Hecuba on board, sad sight! appears;
Found weeping o'er her childrens' sepulchres:
Drag'd by Ulysses from her slaughter'd sons,
Whilst yet she grasp'd their tombs, and kiss'd their
mouldering bones.

Yet Hector's ashes from his urn she bore,
And in her bosom the sad relic wore :
Then scatter'd on his tomb her hoary hairs ;
A poor oblation mingled with her tears.

Oppos'd to Ilium lie the Thracian plains,
Where Polymnestor safe in plenty reigns.
King Priam to his care commits his son,
Young Polydore, the chance of war to shun.
A wise precaution ! had not gold, consign'd
For the child's use, debauch'd the tyrant's mind.
When sinking Troy to its last period drew,
With impious hands his royal charge he slew ;
Then in the sea the lifeless corse is thrown ;
As with the body he the guilt could drown.

The Greeks now riding on the Thracian shore,
Till kinder gales invite, their vessels moor.
Here the wide-opening earth to sudden view
Disclos'd Achilles, great as when he drew
The vital air, but fierce with proud disdain,
As when he sought Briseïs to regain ;
When stern debate, and rash injurious strife
Unsheath'd his sword, to reach Atrides' life.
' And will ye go ? ' he said, ' Is then the name
Of the once great Achilles lost to fame ?
Yet stay, ungrateful Greeks ; nor let me sue
In vain for honours to my manes due.
For this just end Polyxena I doom
With victim-rites to grace my slighted tomb.'

The phantom spoke ; the ready Greeks obey'd,
And to the tomb led the devoted maid,
Snatch'd from her mother, who with pious care
Cherish'd this last relief of her despair.
Superior to her sex, the fearless maid
Approach'd the altar, and around survey'd

The cruel rites, and consecrated knife,
Which Pyrrhus pointed at her guiltless life.
Then, as with stern amaze intent he stood,
'Now strike,' she said, 'now spill my generous
blood ;

Deep in my breast or throat your dagger sheath,
Whilst thus I stand prepar'd to meet my death.
For life on terms of slavery I despise :
Yet sure no god approves this sacrifice.
Oh! could I but conceal this dire event
From my sad mother, I should die content.
Yet should she not with tears my death deplore,
Since her own wretched life demands them more.
But let not the rude touch of man pollute
A virgin-victim ; 'tis a modest suit.
It best will please, whoe'er demands my blood,
That I untainted reach the Stygian flood.
Yet let one short, last, dying prayer be heard,
To Priam's daughter pay this last regard :
'Tis Priam's daughter, not a captive, sues ;
Do not the rites of sepulture refuse.
To my afflicted mother, I implore,
Free without ransom my dead corpse restore :
Nor barter me for gain when I am cold ;
But be her tears the price, if I am sold :
Time was she could have ransom'd me with gold.'

Thus as she pray'd, one common shower of tears
Burst forth, and stream'd from every eye but hers.
Ev'n the priest wept, and with a rude remorse
Plung'd in her heart the steel's resistless force.
Her slacken'd limbs sunk gently to the ground,
Dauntless her looks, unalter'd by the wound.
And as she fell, she strove with decent pride
To guard what suits a virgin's care to hide.

The Trojan matrons the pale corpse receive,
 And the whole slaughter'd race of Priam grieve.
 Sad they recount the long disastrous tale;
 Then with fresh tears, thee, royal maid! bewail:
 Thy widow'd mother too, who flourish'd late
 The royal pride of Asia's happier state:
 A captive lot now to Ulysses borne;
 Whom yet the victor would reject with scorn,
 Were she not Hector's mother: Hector's fame
 Scarce can a master for his mother claim!
 With strict embrace the lifeless corse she view'd;
 And her fresh grief that flood of tears renew'd,
 With which she lately mourn'd so many dead;
 Tears for her country, sons, and husband, shed.
 With the thick-gushing stream she bath'd the wound;
 Kiss'd her pale lips; then, weltering on the ground,
 With wonted rage her frantic bosom tore,
 Sweeping her hair amidst the clotted gore;
 Whilst her sad accents thus her loss deplore:

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'Behold a mother's last dear pledge of woe!
 Yes, 'tis the last I have to suffer now.
 Thou, my Polyxena, my ills must crown:
 Already in thy fate I feel my own.
 'Tis thus, lest haply of my numerous seed
 One should unslaughter'd fall, even thou must bleed:
 And yet I hop'd thy sex had been thy guard;
 But neither has thy tender sex been spar'd.
 The same Achilles, by whose deadly hate
 Thy brothers fell, urg'd by untimely fate!
 The same Achilles, whose destructive rage
 Laid waste my realms, has robb'd my childless
 age.
 When Paris' shafts with Phœbus' certain aid
 At length had pierc'd this dreaded chief, I said,

Secure of future ills, he can no more.
But see, he still pursues me as before;
With rage rekindled his dead ashes burn,
And his yet murdering ghost my wretched house
must mourn.

This tyrant's lust of slaughter I have fed .
With large supplies from my too-fruitful bed.
Troy's towers lie waste ; and the wide ruin ends
The public woe ; but me fresh woe attends.
Troy still survives to me ; to none but me ;
And from its ills I never must be free.
I, who so late had power, and wealth, and ease,
Bless'd with my husband, and a large increase,
Must now in poverty an exile mourn ;
Ev'n from the tombs of my dead offspring torn :
Given to Penelope, who, proud of spoil,
Allots me to the loom's ungrateful toil ;
Points to her dames, and cries, with scorning mien,
" See Hector's mother, and great Priam's queen !"
And thou, my child, sole hope of all that's lost,
Thou now art slain, to soothe his hostile ghost.
Yes, my child falls an offering to my foe !
Then what am I, who still survive this woe ?
Say, cruel gods ! for what new scenes of death
Must a poor aged wretch prolong this hated breath ?
Troy fall'n, to whom could Priam happy seem ?
Yet was he so ; and happy must I deem
His death ; for oh ! my child, he saw not thine,
When he his life did with his Troy resign.
Yet sure due obsequies thy tomb might grace ;
And thou shalt sleep amidst thy kingly race.
Alas ! my child, such fortune does not wait
Our suffering house in this abandon'd state,

A foreign grave, and thy poor mother's tears,
Are all the honours that attend thy herse.
All now is lost !—Yet no ; one comfort more
Of life remains, my much-lov'd Polydore,
My youngest hope : here on this coast he lives,
Nurs'd by the guardian-king, he still survives.
Then let me hasten to the cleansing flood,
And wash away these stains of guiltless blood.'

Straight to the shore her feeble steps repair
With limping pace, and torn dishevell'd hair,
Silver'd with age. ' Give me an urn,' she cried,
' To bear back water from this swelling tide'—
When on the banks her son in ghastly hue,
Transfix'd with Thracian arrows, strikes her view.
The matrons shriek'd; her big-swoln grief surpass'd
The power of utterance ; she stood aghast ;
She had nor speech nor tears to give relief :
Excess of woe suppress'd the rising grief.
Lifeless as stone on earth she fix'd her eyes,
And then look'd up to heaven with wild surprise.
Now she contemplates o'er with sad delight
Her son's pale visage ; then her aching sight
Dwells on his wounds. She varies thus by turns,
Till with collected rage at length she burns,
Wild as the mother-lion, when among
The haunts of prey she seeks her ravish'd young :
Swift flies the ravisher ; she marks his trace,
And by the print directs her anxious chase.
So Hecuba with mingled grief and rage
Pursues the king, regardless of her age.
She greets the murderer with dissembled joy
Of secret treasure, hoarded for her boy.
The specious tale the' unwary king betray'd.
Fir'd with the hopes of prey, ' Give quick,' he said,

' With soft enticing speech, the promis'd store :
 Whate'er you give, you give to Polydore.
 Your son, by the immortal gods I swear,
 Shall this with all your former bounty share.'
 She stands attentive to his soothing lies,
 And darts avenging horror from her eyes.
 Then full resentment fires her boiling blood ;
 She springs upon him midst the captive crowd ;
 (Her thirst of vengeance want of strength supplies)
 Fastens her fork'd fingers in his eyes ;
 Tears out the rooted balls ; her rage pursues,
 And in the hollow orbs her hand imbrues.

The Thracians, fir'd at this inhuman scene,
 With darts and stones assail the frantic queen.
 She snarls and growls, nor in a human tone ;
 Then bites impatient at the bounding stone ;
 Extends her jaws, as she her voice would raise
 To keen invectives in her wonted phrase,
 But barks ; and thence the yelping brute betrays. }
 Still a sad monument the place remains,
 And from this monstrous change its name obtains :
 Where she, in long remembrance of her ills,
 With plaintive howlings the wide desert fills.

Greeks, Trojans, friends, and foes, and gods
 above,
 Her numerous wrongs to just compassion move :
 Ev'n Juno's self forgets her ancient hate,
 And owns she had deserv'd a milder fate.

THE FUNERAL OF MEMNON.

BY CROXALL.

Yet bright Aurora, partial as she was
 To Troy, and those that lov'd the Trojan cause,

Nor Troy nor Hecuba can now bemoan,
But weeps a sad misfortune more her own.
Her offspring Memnon, by Achilles slain,
She saw extended on the Phrygian plain :
She saw, and straight the purple beams, that grace
The rosy morning, vanish'd from her face ;
A deadly pale her wonted bloom invades,
And veils the louring skies with mournful shades.
But when his limbs upon the pile were laid,
The last kind duty that by friends is paid,
His mother to the skies directs her flight,
Nor could sustain to view the doleful sight :
But frantic, with her loose neglected hair,
Hastens to Jove, and falls a suppliant there.
' O king of heaven ! O father of the skies !
(The weeping goddess passionately cries)
Though I the meanest of immortals am,
And fewest temples celebrate my fame,
Yet still a goddess, I presume to come
Within the verge of your ethereal dome :
Yet still may plead some merit, if my light
With purple dawn controls the powers of night ;
If from a female hand that virtue springs,
Which to the gods and men such pleasure brings.
Yet I nor honours seek, nor rites divine,
Nor for more altars or more fanes repine ;
Oh ! that such trifles were the only cause,
From whence Aurora's mind its anguish draws !
For Memnon lost, my dearest only child,
With weightier grief my heavy heart is fill'd ;
My warrior son ! that liv'd but half his time,
Nipt in the bud, and blasted in his prime ;
Who for his uncle early took the field,
And by Achilles' fatal spear was kill'd.

To whom but Jove should I for succour come?
For Jove alone cou'd fix his cruel doom.
O sovereign of the gods, accept my pray'r,
Grant my request, and soothe a mother's care;
On the deceas'd some solemn boon bestow,
To expiate the loss, and ease my woe.'

Jove, with a nod, complied with her desire;
Around the body flam'd the funeral fire;
The pile decreas'd, that lately seem'd so high,
And sheets of smoke roll'd upward to the sky:
As humid vapours from a marshy bog
Rise by degrees, condensing into fog,
That intercept the sun's enlivening ray,
And with a cloud infect the cheerful day.
The sooty ashes, wafted by the air,
Whirl round, and thicken in a body there;
'Then take a form, which their own heat and fire
With active life and energy inspire.
Its likeness makes it seem to fly, and soon
It skims on real wings, that are its own;
A real bird, it beats the breezy wind,
Mix'd with a thousand sisters of the kind,
That, from the same formation newly sprung,
Up-borne aloft on plummy pinions hung.
Thrice round the pile advanc'd the circling throng,
Thrice, with their wings, a whizzing concert rung.
In the fourth flight their squadron they divide,
Rank'd in two different troops, on either side:
Then two and two, inspir'd with martial rage,
From either troop in equal pairs engage.
Each combatant with beak and pounces press'd,
In wrathful ire, his adversary's breast;
Each falls a victim, to preserve the fame
Of that great hero whence their being came.

From him their courage and their name they take;
And, as they liv'd, they die for Memnon's sake.
Punctual to time, with each revolving year
In fresh array the champion-birds appear ;
Again, prepar'd with vengeful minds, they come
To bleed, in honour of the soldier's tomb.

Therefore, in others it appear'd not strange,
To grieve for Hecuba's unhappy change :
But poor Aurora had enough to do
With her own loss, to mind another's woe ;
Who still in tears her tender nature shews,
Besprinkling all the world with pearly dew.

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS.

BY CATCOTT.

Troy thus destroy'd, 'twas still denied by fate
The hopes of Troy should perish with the state.
His sire, the son of Cytheræ bore,
And household-gods, from burning Ilium's shore.
The pious prince (a double duty paid)
Each sacred burden through the flames convey'd.
With young Ascanius, and this only prize,
Of heaps of wealth, he from Antandros flies ;
But, struck with horror, left the Thracian shore,
Stain'd with the blood of murder'd Polydore.
The Delian isle receives the banish'd train,
Driv'n by kind gales, and favour'd by the main.

Here pious Anius priest and monarch reign'd,
And either charge with equal care sustain'd ;
His subjects rul'd, to Phœbus homage pay'd,
His god obeying, and by those obey'd.

The priest displays his hospitable gate,
And shows the riches of his church and state,

The sacred shrubs which eas'd Latona's pain,
 The palm and olive, and the votive fane,
 Here grateful flames with fuming incense fed,
 And mingled wine ambrosial odours shed;
 Of slaughter'd steers the crackling entrails burn'd:
 And then the strangers to the court return'd.

On beds of tap'stry plac'd aloft, they dine
 With Ceres' gift, and flowing bowls of wine;
 When thus Anchises spoke, amidst the feast,
 ' Say, mitred monarch, Phœbus' chosen priest,
 Or (ere from Troy by cruel fate expell'd)
 When first mine eyes these sacred walls beheld,
 A son and twice two daughters crown'd thy bliss?
 Or errs my memory, and I judge amiss?"

The royal prophet shook his hoary head,
 With snowy fillets bound, and, sighing, said:
 ' Thy memory errs not, prince! thou saw'st me
 then

The happy father of so large a train:
 Behold me now (such turns of chance befall
 The race of man!) almost bereft of all.
 For, ah! what comfort can my son bestow,
 What help afford, to mitigate my woe?
 While far from hence, in Andros' isle he reigns,
 (From him so nam'd) and there my place sustains.
 Him Delius prescience gave; the twice-born god
 A boon more wondrous on the maids bestow'd.
 Whate'er they touch'd, he gave them to transmute, }
 (A gift past credit, and above their suit,) }
 To Ceres, Bacchus, and Minerva's fruit.
 How great their value, and how rich their use,
 Whose only touch such treasures could produce!

' The dire destroyer of the Trojan reign,
 Fierce Agamemnon, such a prize to gain,

(A proof we also were design'd by fate
To feel the tempest that o'erturn'd your state)
With force superior, and a ruffian crew,
From these weak arms the helpless virgins drew :
And sternly bad them use the grant divine,
To keep the fleet in corn, in oil, and wine.
Each, as they could, escap'd : two strove to gain
Eubœa's isle, and two their brother's reign.
The soldier follows, and demands the dames ;
If held by force, immediate war proclaims.
Fear conquer'd nature in their brother's mind,
And gave them up to punishment assign'd.
Forgive the deed ; nor Hector's arm was there,
Nor thine, Æneas, to maintain the war ;
Whose only force upheld your Ilium's tow'rs,
For ten long years against the Grecian pow'rs.
Prepar'd to bind their captive arms in bands,
To heaven they rear'd their yet unfetter'd hands,
' Help, Bacchus ! author of the gift ! ' they pray'd :
The gift's great author gave immediate aid ;
If such destruction of their human frame,
By ways so wondrous, may deserve the name :
Nor could I hear, nor can I now relate
Exact, the manner of their alter'd state ;
But this in general of my loss I knew,
Transform'd to doves on milky plumes they flew, }
Such as on Ida's mount thy consort's chariot }
drew.'

With such discourse they entertain'd the feast ;
Then rose from table, and withdrew to rest.
The following morn, ere Sol was seen to shine,
The' inquiring Trojans sought the sacred shrine ;
The mystic power commands them to explore
Their ancient mother, and a kindred shore.

Attending to the sea, the generous prince
Dismiss'd his guests with rich munificence ;
In old Anchises' hand a sceptre plac'd,
A vest and quiver young Ascanius grac'd,
His sire a cup, which from the' Aëonian coast
Ismenian Therses sent his royal host.
Alcon of Mylè made what Therses sent,
And carv'd thereon this ample argument.

A town with seven distinguish'd gates was shown,
Which spoke its name, and made the city known ;
Before it piles, and tombs, and rising flames,
The rites of death, and quires of mourning dames,
Who bar'd their breasts, and gave their hair to flow,
The signs of grief, and marks of public woe.
Their fountains dried, the weeping Naiads mourn'd,
The trees stood bare, with searing cankers burn'd,
No herbage cloth'd the ground, a ragged flock
Of goats, half-famish'd, lick'd the naked rock.
Of manly courage, and with mind serene,
Orion's daughters in the town were seen ;
One heav'd her chest to meet the lifted knife,
One plung'd the poniard through the seat of life,
Their country's victims; mourns the rescued state,
The bodies burns, and celebrates their fate.
To save the failure of the' illustrious line,
From the pale ashes rose, of form divine,
Two generous youths ; these, fame Coronæ calls,
Who join the pomp, and mourn their mother's falls.

These burnish'd figures, form'd of antique mold,
Shone on the brass, with rising sculpture bold ;
A wreath of gilt Acanthus round the brim was
roll'd.

Nor less expense the Trojan gifts express'd ;
A fuming censer for the royal priest,

A chalice, and a crown of princely cost,
With ruddy gold and sparkling gems emboss'd.

Now hoisting sail, to Crete the Trojans stood,
'Themselves remembering sprung from Tencer's
But heaven forbids, and pestilential Jove [blood;
From noxious skies the wandering navy drove.
Her hundred cities left, from Crete they bore,
And sought the destin'd land, Ausonia's shore;
But toss'd by storms at either Strophas lay,
'Till scar'd by Harpies from the faithless bay.
'Then passing onward with a prosperous wind,
Left sly Ulysses' spacious realms behind;
Ambracia's state, in former ages known
The strife of gods, the judge transform'd to stone
They saw; for Actian Phœbus since renown'd,
Who Cæsar's arms with naval conquest crown'd:
Next pass'd Dodona, wont of old to boast
Her vocal forest; and Chaönia's coast,
Where king Molossus' sons on wings aspir'd,
And saw secure the harmless fuel fir'd.

Now to Phæacia's happy isle they came,
For fertile orchards known to early fame;
Epirus past, they next beheld with joy
A second Ilium, and fictitious Troy:
Here Trojan Helenus the sceptre sway'd,
Who show'd their fate, and mystic truths display'd.
By him confirm'd, Sicilia's isle they reach'd;
Whose sides to sea three promontories stretch'd;
Pachynos to the stormy south is plac'd,
On Lilybæum blows the gentle west.
Peloro's cliffs the northern bear survey,
Who rolls above, and dreads to touch the sea.
By this they steer, and, favour'd by the tide,
Secure by night in Zaule's harbour ride.

Here cruel Scylla guards the rocky shore,
 And there the waves of loud Charybdis roar :
 This sucks and vomits ships, and bodies drown'd ;
 And ravenous dogs the womb of that surround.
 In face a virgin ; and (if aught be true
 By bards recorded) once a virgin too.

A train of youths in vain desir'd her bed ;
 By sea-nymphs lov'd, to nymphs of seas she fled ;
 The maid to these, with female pride, display'd
 Their baffled courtship, and their love betray'd.

When Galatea thus bespoke the fair,
 (But first she sigh'd) while Scylla comb'd her hair :
 ' You, lovely maid, a generous race pursues,
 Whom safe you may (as now you do) refuse ;
 To me, though powerful in a numerous train
 Of sisters, sprung from gods who rule the main,
 My native seas could scarce a refuge prove,
 To shunn the fury of the Cyclops' love.'

Tears chok'd her utterance here ; the pitying maid
 With marble fingers wip'd them off, and said :
 ' My dearest goddess, let thy Scylla know
 (For I am faithful) whence these sorrows flow.'

The maid's intreaties o'er the nymph prevail,
 Who thus to Scylla tells the mournful tale.

THE STORY OF ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

BY DRYDEN.

' Acis, the lovely youth whose loss I mourn,
 From Faunus and the nymph Symetlis born,
 Was both his parents' pleasure ; but, to me
 Was all that love could make a lover be.
 The gods our minds in mutual bands did join :
 I was his only joy, and he was mine.

Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen,
And doubtful down began to shade his chin,
When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire :
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less ;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee, both heaven and earth obey ;
Immense thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
The Cyclops, who defied the' ethereal throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,
The' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts
On mangled members of his butcher'd guests,
Yet felt the force of love and fierce desire,
And burnt for me with unrelenting fire ;
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Assum'd the softness of a lover's air ;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair. }
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks ;
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost ;
And ships securely sail along the coast.
' The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
Who mark'd the tracts of every bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.

The giant, with a scornful grin, replied,
" Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesied ;
Already love his flaming brand has toss'd ;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost."
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps ; and, weary, sought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.

‘ A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas :
On either side, below, the water flows ;
This airy walk the giant lover chose.
Here on the midst he sat ; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide ;
But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth ;
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around
And watery plains the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian-shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below ;
On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd,
And still preserve the poem in my mind.

“ Oh, lovely Galatea ! whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are ;
More flowery than the meads, as crystal bright,
Erect as alders, and of equal height ;
More wanton than a kid, more sleek thy skin
Than orient shells that on the shores are seen ;
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade ;
Pleasing as winter suns or summer shade ;

More grateful to the sight than goodly plains,
 And softer to the touch than down of swans,
 Or curds new turn'd ; and sweeter to the taste
 Than swelling grapes that to the vintage haste ;
 More clear, than ice, or running streams that stray
 Through garden plots ; but ah ! more swift than
 they.

“ Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
 Than bullocks, unreclaim'd, to bear the yoke,
 And far more stubborn than the knotted oak :
 Like sliding streams, impossible to hold ;
 Like them fallacious, like their fountains cold ;
 More warping than the willow, to decline
 My warm embrace ; more brittle than the vine ;
 Inmoveable, and fix'd in thy disdain ;
 Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain ;
 More violent than is the rising flood ;
 And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud.
 Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are,
 And more outrageous than a mother-bear :
 Deaf as the billows to the vows I make,
 And more revengeful than a trodden snake.
 In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
 Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
 All other faults with patience I can bear ;
 But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

“ Yet if you knew me well, you would not shun
 My love, but to my wish'd embraces run ;
 Would languish in your turn, and court my stay,
 And much repent of your unwise delay.

“ My palace in the living rock is made
 By nature's hand ; a spacious pleasing shade ;
 Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.

My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
 And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
 Some blushing bunches of a purple hue;
 And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
 Red strawberries, in shades, expecting stand,
 Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
 Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
 And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
 Not those of common kinds; but such alone
 As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
 Nor chesnuts shall be wanting to your food,
 Nor garden-fruit, nor wildings of the wood;
 The laden boughs for you alone shall bear,
 And yours shall be the product of the year.

“The flocks you see are all my own; beside
 The rest that woods and winding valleys hide,
 And those that folded in the caves abide. }
 Ask not the numbers of my glowing store;
 Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
 Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
 But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
 Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
 Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight:
 In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie,
 Apart from kids that call with human cry.
 New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
 For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
 Nor are these household dainties all my store: }
 The fields and forests will afford us more;
 The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.
 All sorts of ven'son; and of birds the best;
 A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
 I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
 Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground,

So like, that no distinction could be seen ;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen ;
And so they shall: I took them both away,
And keep to be companions of your play.

“ Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves, nor scorn my presents and my love.

Come, Galatea, come, and view my face ;

I late beheld it in the watery glass,

And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.

Survey my towering stature and my size :

Not Jove, the Jove you dream that rules the skies,

Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread ;

My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)

Hang o'er my manly face, and, dangling down,

As with a shady grove my shoulders crown.

Nor think, because my limbs and body bear

A thickset underwood of bristling hair,

My shape deform'd ; what fouler sight can be,

Than the bald branches of a leafless tree ?

Foul is the steed without a flowing mane ;

And birds, without their feathers and their train :

Wool decks the sheep ; and man receives a grace

From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.

My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,

Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the radiant sun,

Is nature's eye ; and she's content with one.

Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,

Like you, am of the watery family :

I make you his in making you my own ;

You I adore, and kneel to you alone.

Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,

And only fear the lightning of your eyes.

Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, (Heavens!) I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor;
The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endued with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne;
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph! and fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Translated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman! wilt not ease my smart."

' Lamenting thus in vain he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk:
Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.

' Thus far unseen I saw: when fatal chance
His looks directing with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betray'd;
Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast,
" I see, I see; but this shall be your last!"
A roar so loud made Ætna to rebound,
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous voice I fled,
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head. }
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and " Help," he said, }

“Help, Galatea! help, my parent-gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.”
The Cyclops follow'd ; but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore :
Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis :—'twas too late to save,
But what the fates allow'd to give I gave ;
That Acis to his lineage should return,
And roll among the river-gods his urn.
Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood,
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood :
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd ;
The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds arose on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd
A sound like water in its course oppos'd,
When, (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.
Horns from his temples rise ; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might pass :
And Acis chang'd into a stream he was ;
But mine no more : he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.’

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

BY ROWE.

Here ceas'd the nymph ; the fair assembly broke ;
The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook :

While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,
 Swift to the safer shore returns again.
 There o'er the sandy margin, unarray'd,
 With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid ;
 Or in some winding creek's secure retreat
 She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-
 day's heat.

Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
 New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god.
 He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love,
 With many an artful blandishment he strove
 Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove. }
 The more he sues, the more she wings her flight,
 And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height.
 Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,
 A neighbouring mountain bare and woodless stood ;
 Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,
 And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.
 His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appal,
 And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall ;
 She sees his face divine, and manly brow,
 End in a fish's wreathy tail below :
 She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
 Whether he comes of god or monster-kind.
 This Glaucus soon perceiv'd ; and, ' Oh ! forbear, }
 (His hand supporting on a rock lay near)
 Forbear,' he cried, ' fond maid, this needless fear : }
 Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main,
 But equal with the watery gods I reign ;
 Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excel,
 Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.
 My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
 And I myself but late a mortal was :
 Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd ;
 The seas my hours and all my cares employ'd.

In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew ;
Now skilfully the slender line I threw,
And silent sat the moving float to view. }
Not far from shore there lies a verdant mead,
With herbage half, and half with water spread :
There nor the horned heifers browsing stray,
Nor shaggy kids, nor wanton lambkins play ;
There nor the sounding bees their nectar cull,
Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull,
Nor flocks nor herds, nor mowers haunt the place,
To crop the flowers, or cut the bushy grass :
Thither sure first of living race came I,
And sat, by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
My scaly prize, in order all display'd,
By number on the greensward there I laid
My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
Strange to behold ! yet what avails a lie ?
I saw 'em bite the grass as I sat by ;
Then sudden, darting o'er the verdant plain,
They spread their fins, as in their native main :
I paus'd with wonder struck, while all my prey
Left their new master, and regain'd the sea.
Amaz'd, within my secret self I sought,
What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought :
" But sure no herbs have power like this," I cried,
' And straight I pluck'd some neighbouring herbs,
and tried.
Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taste,
When strong convulsions shook my troubled breast :
I felt my heart grow fond of something strange,
And my whole nature labouring with a change.
Restless I grew, and every place forsook,
And still upon the seas I bent my look.

“ Farewel for ever! farewell land!” I said ;
And plung’d amidst the waves my sinking head.
The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
Receiv’d me as a brother of the deep ;
To Tethys and to Ocean old they pray,
To purge my mortal earthy parts away :
The watry parents to their suit agreed,
And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
Then with lustrations purify my limbs,
And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams :
A hundred streams from various fountains run,
And on my head at once come rushing down.
Thus far each passage I remember well,
And faithfully thus far the tale I tell ;
But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell. }
Again at length my thoughts reviving came,
When I no longer found myself the same :
Then first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,
And these large honours on my spreading brow ;
My long descending locks the billows sweep,
And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep ;
My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,
And every part divinely chang’d I view.
But what avail these useless honours now ?
What joys can immortality bestow ?
What though our Nereids all my form approve ?
What boots it while fair Scylla scorns my love ?
Thus far the god ; and more he would have said,
When from his presence flew the ruthless maid.
Stung with repulse, in such disdainful sort,
He seeks Titanian Circe’s horrid court.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

TRANSLATED BY DR. GARTH.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

Now Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds o'er
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.
Messena, Rhegium, and the barren coast
Of flaming *Ætna*, to his sight are lost :
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and views
The hills where baneful philters *Circe* brews ;
Monsters in various forms around her press,
As thus the god salutes the sorceress :—
‘ O *Circe* ! be indulgent to my grief,
And give a lovesick deity relief.
Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To those my figure and new fate I owe.
Against *Messena*, on the *Ausonian* coast,
I *Scylla* view'd ; and from that hour was lost.
In tenderest sounds I sued ; but still the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to pray'r.
If numbers can avail, exert their pow'r ;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I ask no cure ; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies like mine.

No longer Circe could her flame disguise,
But to the suppliant god marine replies :
' When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view ;
Leave those that fly, but those that like, pursue.
If love can be by kind compliance won ;
See, at your feet, the daughter of the sun.'

' Sooner,' said Glaucus, ' shall the ash remove
From mountains, and the swelling surges love ;
Or humble sea-weed to the hills repair,
Ere I think any but my Scylla fair.'

Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates ;
For love refus'd, without aversion, hates.
To hurt her hapless rival she proceeds ;
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.

Some fascinating beverage now she brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs, and baneful juice.
At Rhegium she arrives ; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from seas, and shaded from the skies :
This station Scylla chose ; a soft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
' The vengeful sorceress visits this recess ;
Her charms infuses, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs ; then at herself she starts ;
A ghastly horror in her eyes appears ;
But yet she knows not who it is she fears :
In vain she offers from herself to run,
And drags about her what she strives to shun.

Oppress'd with grief the pitying god appears,
And swells the rising surges with his tears ;

From the detested sorceress he flies ;
 Her art reviles, and her address denies :
 Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
 Destruction to those barks that beat the seas.

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS CONTINUED.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet,
 But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met.
 As to the Latian shore the Trojan stood,
 And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood,
 He weather'd fell Charybdis ; but ere long
 The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
 Then to the Libyan coast he stretches o'er,
 And makes at length the Carthaginian shore.
 Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
 Into her heart receives the wanderer.
 From her kind arms the' ungrateful hero flies ;
 The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
 Then to her folly falls a sacrifice. }

Æneas now sets sail, and plying gains
 Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns :
 First to his sire does funeral rites decree,
 Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea :
 Outruns the islands where volcanos roar ;
 Gets clear of Sirens, and their faithless shore ;
 But loses Palinurus in the way,
 Then makes Inarime and Prochyta.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO
 APES.

The galleys now by Pythecusa pass :
 The name is from the natives of the place.
 The father of the gods, detesting lies,
 Oft with abhorrence heard their perjuries.

The' abandon'd race, transform'd to beast, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat nos'd and furrow'd, with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in make, and busy to no end,
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this species of their past retains;
Though lost the language, yet the noise remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now on his right he leaves Parthenopè;
His left, Misenns jutting in the sea;
Arrives at Cumæ, and with awe survey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid:
Begs leave through black Avernus to retire,
And view the much-lov'd manes of his sire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies: [claim;
' O thou! whose worth thy wondrous works pro-
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
Though great be thy request, yet shalt thou see
The' Elysian fields, the' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's shade: this arm thy steps shall guide;
To suppliant virtue nothing is denied.'

She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in the' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
' Seize that,' she bids: he listens to the maid,
Then views the mournful mansions of the dead:
The shade of great Anchises, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.

As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus salutes the visionary dame:

' Oh, whether some propitious deity,
Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky!

With grateful incense I shall style you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own.
Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light,
To feel the breezes of congenial air,
And nature's bless'd benevolence to share.'

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

'I am no deity,' replied the dame,
'But mortal, and religious rites disclaim :
Yet had avoided death's tyrannic sway,
Had I consented to the god of day.
With promises he sought my love, and said,
'Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid.'
I paus'd ; then pointing to a heap of sand,
For every grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah ! unmindful of the effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth and prime.
The smiling bloom I boasted once is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Seven centuries have I liv'd ; three more fulfil
The period of the years to finish still.
Who'll think that Phœbus, dress'd in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine ?
This wither'd frame (so Fates have will'd) shall waste
To nothing but prophetic words at last.'

The Sibyl mounting now from nether skies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cumæ rise.
He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cæjeta, from his nurse's name.
Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend
To wise Ulysses, his long labours end.
Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
And, sudden, thus his late associate greets :—

‘Whence came you here, O friend ! and whither bound ?
All gave you lost on far Cyclopean ground ;
A Greek’s at last aboard a Trojan found.’

THE ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—‘ With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
I ’scap’d the Cyclops through the hero’s aid,
Else in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When first your navy under sail he found,
He rav’d till Ætna labour’d with the sound.
Raging, he stalk’d along the mountain’s side,
And vented clouds of breath at every stride.
His staff a mountain ash ; and in the clouds
Oft, as he walks, his grisly front he shrouds.
Eyeless, he grop’d about with vengeful haste,
And justled promontories as he pass’d :
Then heav’d a rock’s high summit to the main,
And bellow’d like some bursting hurricane :
“ Oh ! could I seize Ulysses in his flight,
How unlamented were my loss of sight !
These jaws should piecemeal tear each panting vein,
Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain.”
As thus he rav’d, my joints with horror shook ;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook.
I saw him once disgorge huge morsels raw,
Of wretches undigested in his maw :
From the pale breathless trunks whose limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o’erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I pass’d in caves ; my food
Was forest fruits, and wildings of the wood.
At length a sail I wafted, and aboard
My fortune found an hospitable lord.

Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, since first you put to sea, befel."

THE ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—"There reign'd a prince of fame
O'er Tuscan seas, and Æolus his name.
A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,
And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the swelling gale we ran ;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began :
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-rush'd a gust, which backwards }
Our galleys to the Læstrigonian shore, [bore }
Whose crown Antiphates the tyrant wore.
Some few commisson'd were with speed to treat :
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
Two, friendly flight preserv'd ; the third was doom'd
To be by those curs'd cannihals consum'd.
Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat ;
Our men they murder, and destroy our fleet.
In time the wise Ulysses bore away,
And drop'd his anchor in yon faithless bay.
The thoughts of perils past we still retain,
And fear to land till lots appoint the men.
Polites true, Elpènor given to wine,
Eurylochus, myself, the lots assign ;
Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

' Before the spacious front a herd we find
Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind.

Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet.
Within upon a sumptuous throne of state,
On golden columns rais'd, the' enchantress sate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.
Her maids not mind the loom, nor household care,
Nor wage in needlework a Scythian war,
But cull in canisters disastrous flow'rs,
And plants from haunted heaths and fairy bow'rs, }
With brazen sickles reap'd at planetary hours. }
Each dose the goddess weighs with watchful eye :
So nice her art in impious pharmacy !
Entering she greets us with a gracious look,
And airs that future amity bespoke.
Her ready nymphs serve up a rich repast ;
The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply ;
Her power we prove, and show the sorcery.
 ' Soon in a length of face our head extends ;
Our chine stiff bristles bears, and forward bends :
A breadth of brawn new burnishes our neck ;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taste,
Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulysses hastes, (so Fates command)
And bears the powerful Moly in his hand ;
Unsheaths his scimitar, assaults the dame,
Preserves his species, and remains the same.
'The nuptial rite this outrage straight attends ;
'The dower desir'd is his transfigur'd friends :
'The incantation backward she repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what she did defeats.

‘And now our skin grows smooth, our shape
upright;
Our arms stretch up, our cloven feet unite:
With tears our weeping general we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face.
Twelve silver moons in Circe’s court we stay,
Whilst there they waste the unwilling hours away.
’Twas here I spy’d a youth in Parian stone;
His head a pecker bore; the cause unknown
To passengers:—a nymph of Circe’s train
The mystery thus attempted to explain.’

THE STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

‘Picus, who once the Ausonian sceptre held,
Could rein the steed, and fit him for the field.
So like he was to what you see, that still
We doubt if real, or the sculptor’s skill:
The Graces in the finish’d piece you find
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,
Till every lovesick nymph confess’d a flame.
Oft for his love the mountain Dryads sued,
And every silver sister of the flood:
Those of Numicus, Albula, and those
Where Almo creeps, and hasty Nar o’erflows;
Where sedgy Anio glides through smiling meads,
Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds;
And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaste goddess of the silver bow.
‘In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,
His heart no sovereign would obey but one.
She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
To Janus bore, the fairest of her line.

Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.
Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
The flocks unfed seem'd listening on the plains ;
The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend,
And birds neglect their pinions to attend ;
The savage kind in forest wilds grow tame,
And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.

' Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
And each new day was dearer than the past ;
Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
And mingle sports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chas'd,
His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,
Lascivious Circè well the youth survey'd,
As simpling on the flowery-hills she stray'd.
Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,
And from her lap the verdant mischief fell ;
As she attempts at words, his courser springs
O'er hills and lawns, and ev'n a wish outwings.
"Thou shalt not 'scape me so," pronounc'd the dame,
"If plants have power, and spells be not a name."
She said—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That sought the covert with dissembled fear :
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chase the visionary prey.

' Now she invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite ;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or shade the golden lustre of her sire.
In filthy fogs she hides the cheerful noon ;
The guard at distance, and the youth alone.

"By those fair eyes," she cries, "and every grace
That finish all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the sun's soft lineage sue in vain."

"Whoe'er thou art," replied the king, "forbear;
None can my passion with my Canens share.
She first my every tender wish possess'd,
And found the soft approaches to my breast.
In nuptials bless'd, each loose desire we shun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun."

"Think not," she cried, "to saunter out a life
Of form with that domestic drudge a wife;
My just revenge, dull fool, ere long shall show
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do :
Think me a woman, and a lover too. }

From dear successful spite we hope for ease,
Nor fail to punish where we fail to please."

'Now twice to east she turns, as oft to west;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft a charm express'd.
On the lost youth her magic power she tries;
Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he seeks, and still
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.

'The winds from drisling damps now purge the air,
The mist subsides, the settling skies are fair :
The court their sovereign seek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circê, and their lord demand.
Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and the' unhallow'd sepulchre. }

Now, strange to tell, the plants sweat drops of
blood,

The trees are toss'd from forests where they stood ;

Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,
Pale glaring spectres on the ether ride ;
Dogs howl, earth yawns, rent rocks forsake their
beds,

And from their quarries heave their stubborn heads.

The sad spectators stiffen'd with their fears

She sees, and sudden every limb she smears;

Then each of savage beasts the figure bears.

' The sun did now to western waves retire,

In tides to temper his bright world of fire.

Canens laments her royal husband's stay ;

Ill suits fond love with absence or delay.

Where she commands, her ready people run :

She wills, retracts ; bids, and forbids anon.

Restless in mind, and dying with despair,

Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.

Six days and nights she wanders on, as chance

Directs, without or sleep or sustenance.

Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair ;

Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear :

Stretch'd on his banks, she to the flood complains,

And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains ;

The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,

And, as she droops, her elegy she sings.

Ere long sad Canens wastes to air ; whilst fame

The place still honours with her hapless name.'

' Here did the tender tale of Picus cease ;

Above belief the wonder I confess.

Again we sail, but more disasters meet,

Foretold by Circè to our suffering fleet.

Myself, unable further woes to bear,

Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.'

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurse's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd ; and, setting sail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at every gale.

He steer'd at distance from the faithless shore,
Where the false goddess reigns with fatal pow'r ;
And sought those grateful groves that shade the
plain,

Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main,
And fattens as he runs the fair champaign.

His kindred gods the hero's wishes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne :
But not without a war the prize he won.

Drawn up in bright array the battle stands :
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune share,
And doubtful long appears the face of war. [plies,
Both powers from neighbouring princes seek snp-
And embassies appoint for new allies.

Æneas, for relief, Evander moves ;
His quarrel he asserts, his cause approves ;
The bold Rutilians, with an equal speed,
Sage Venulus dispatch to Diomed.

The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
These reasons for neutrality assign'd :—

' Shall I, of one poor dotal town possess'd,
My people thin, my wretched country waste ;
An exil'd prince, and on a shaking throne,
Or risk my patron's subjects, or my own ?
You'll grieve the harshness of our hap to hear,
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

‘ After fam’d Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finish’d what the sword begun ;
Pallas, incens’d, pursued us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oilëus forc’d the Trojan maid,
Yet all were punish’d for the brutal deed.
A storm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky ;
Red sheets of lightning o’er the seas are spread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed.
’Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell,
Ev’n Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas sav’d me from the swallowing main,
At home new wrongs to meet as fates ordain.
Chas’d from my country, I once more repeat
All sufferings seas could give, or war complete.
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities should past succeed.
Agmon, impatient through successive ills,
With fury love’s bright goddess thus reviles :—
“ These plagues in spite to Diomedè are sent ;
The crime is his, but ours the punishment.
Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,
And dare that haughty harlot of the skies.”
The rest of Agmon’s insolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign,
About to answer ; his blaspheming throat
Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful note.
To his new skin a fleece of feather clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.

He thought ; and straight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what scap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire ;
Pitch, rosin, searwood, on red wings aspire,
And Vulcan on these seas exerts his attribute of fire. }

This when the mother of the gods beheld,
Her towery crown she shook, and stood reveal'd ;
Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And, hov'ring o'er her favour'd fleet, she said :

‘ Cease, Turnus, and the heavenly powers respect,
Nor dare to violate what I protect.

These galleys once fair trees on Ida stood,
And gave their shade to each descending god,
Nor shall consume ; irrevocable fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.’

Straight peals of thunder heaven's high arches
rend,

The hail-stones leap, the showers in spouts descend,
The winds with widen'd throats the signal give ;
The cables break, the smoking vessels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber softens into flesh and blood ;
The yards and oars new arms and legs design ;
A trunk, the hull ; the slender keel, a spine ;
The prow, a female face ; and by degrees
The galleys rise green daughters of the seas.
Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks that beat the seas are still their care,
Themselves remembering what of late they were ;
To save a Trojan sail in throngs they press,
But smile to see Alcinous in distress.

Unable were those wonders to deter
The Latians from their unsuccessful war.

Both sides for doubtful victory contend,
And on their courage and their gods depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great soul to war, like fair renown.
Venus at last beholds her godlike son
Triumphant, and the field of battle won ;
Brave Turnus slain, strong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame.
Her towers, that boasted once a sovereign sway,
The fate of fancied grandeur now betray.
A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,
And beats the ruin with disastrous wings.
Calamities of towns distress'd she feigns,
And oft, with woful shrieks, of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate ;
And by a sure irrevocable doom
Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome.
Fit for the station of his kindred stars,
His mother-goddess thus her suit prefers :
' Almighty arbiter, whose powerful nod
Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode ;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the goddess-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether skies.'
Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
Where Juno in the shining senate sits.
Remorse for past revenge the goddess feels :
Then thundering Jove the' almighty mandate seals ;
Allots the prince of his celestial line
An apotheosis, and rites divine.

The crystal mansions echo with applause,
 And, with her graces, love's bright queen withdraws ;
 Shoots in a blaze of light along the skies,
 And, borne by turtles, to Laurentum flies ;
 Alights where through the reeds Numicius strays,
 And to the seas his watery tribute pays.
 The god she supplicates to wash away
 The parts more gross, and subject to decay,
 And cleanse the goddess-born from seminal allay. }
 The horned flood with glad attention stands,
 Then bids his streams obey their sire's commands.

His better parts by lustral waves refin'd
 More pure, and nearer to ethereal mind,
 With gums of fragrant scent the goddess strews,
 And on his features breathes ambrosial dews.
 Thus deified, new honours Rome decrees,
 Shrines, festivals ; and styles him Indiges.

THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Ascanius now the Latian sceptre sways ;
 The Alban nation, Sylvius, next obeys.
 Then young Latinus : next an Alba came,
 The grace and guardian of the Alban name ;
 Then Epitus ; then gentle Capys reign'd ;
 Then Capetis the regal power sustain'd.
 Next he who perish'd on the Tuscan flood,
 And honour'd with his name the river-god.
 Now haughty Remulus begun his reign,
 Who fell by thunder he aspir'd to feign.
 Meek Acrota succeeded to the crown ;
 From peace endeavouring, more than arms, }
 To Aventinus well resign'd his throne. [renown,
 The mount on which he rul'd preserves his name,
 And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-Dryad flourish'd in these days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could so excel,
Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.

The nymph frequented not the flattering stream,
Nor meads, the subject of a virgin's dream :
But to such joys her nursery did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.

A pruning-hook she carried in her hand,
And taught the stragglers to obey command ;
Lest the licentious, and unthrifty bough,
The too indulgent parent should undo.
She shows how stocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the salvage teint ; and in its stead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.

Now hourly she observes her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air :
Then opes her streaming sluices, to supply
With flowing draughts her thirsty family.

Long had she labour'd to continue free
From chains of love and nuptial tyranny ;
And in her orchard's small extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity she still secur'd.
Oft would loose Pan, and all the lustful train
Of Satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame ;
And he, that frights the thieves with stratagem
Of sword, and something else too gross to name. }

Vertumnus too pursued the maid no less ;
But, with his rivals, shar'd a like success.
To gain access a thousand ways he tries ;
Oft, in the hind, the lover would disguise.
The heedless lout comes shambling on, and seems
Just sweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harvest of the mimic swain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,
And lawless tendrils to their bounds restrains.
Sometimes his sword a soldier shows ; his rod,
An angler ; still so various is the god.
Now, in a forehead-cloth some crone he seems,
A staff supplying the defect of limbs ;
Admittance thus he gains ; admires the store
Of fairest fruit ; the fair possessor more ;
Then greets her with a kiss : the unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandam kiss'd with such a flame.
Now seated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
' If that fair elm,' he cried, ' alone should stand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand ;
Or if that vine without her elm should grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected shrub below.
Be then, fair nymph, by these examples led ;
Nor shun, for fancied fears, the nuptial bed.
Not she for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boast such heavenly
And if you would on woman's faith rely, [charms ;
None can your choice direct so well as I.
Though old, so much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair self alone his breast inspires
With softest wishes, and unsoil'd desires.

Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The god of seasons only worth your love :
On my assurance well you may repose ;
Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looser flames he flies :
Nor for new faces fashionably dies.
The charms of youth, and every smiling grace,
Bloom in his features, and the god confess.
Besides, he puts on every shape at ease ;
But those the most that best Pomona please.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim ;
Their likings and aversions are the same.
Nor the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
Nor all the youthful product of the year,
Could bribe his choice ; yourself alone can prove
A fit reward for so refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph, and with a kind regret
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

' Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè of Tencer's blood :
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame.
Oft did he struggle with a just despair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear :
But love, who flatters still his own disease,
Hopes all things will succeed he knows will please.
Where'er the fair one haunts, he hovers there,
And seeks her confidant with sighs and pray'r ;
Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove
Successless messengers in suits of love.

'Now shivering at her gates the wretch appears, }
 And myrtle-garlands on the columns rears, }
 Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears. }
 The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than
 Derides his prayers ; insults his agonies ; [seas,
 Arraigns of insolence the' aspiring swain ;
 And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain.
 Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,
 He thus upbraids the' inexorable fair :
 " O Anaxaretè, at last forget
 The license of a passion indiscreet :
 Now triumph ; since a welcome sacrifice
 Your slave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
 My life, without reluctance, I resign ;
 That present best can please a pride like thine.
 But, oh ! forbear to blast a flame so bright,
 Doom'd never to expire but with the light.
 And you, great powers, do justice to my name ;
 The hours you take from life restore to fame."

' Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths,
 he throws

The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose ;
 For death prepares ; and, bounding from above,
 At once the wretch concludes his life and love.

' Ere long the people gather, and the dead
 Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
 First like some ghastly statue she appears ;
 Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears,
 And gives it to the pile ; now as the throng
 Proceed in sad solemnity along,
 To view the passing pomp the cruel fair
 Hastens and beholds her breathless lover there.
 Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems ;
 Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs :

Her features without fire, her colour gone,
 And, like her heart, she hardens into stone.
 In Salamis the statue still is seen
 In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
 Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain,
 O nymph belov'd ! to ease a lover's pain :
 So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,
 And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear.'

The story oft Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
 But then assum'd his heavenly form again.
 Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn,
 As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
 The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
 Like snow she melts : so soon can youth persuade.
 Consent, on eager wings, succeeds desire ;
 And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the fates, his son,
 Mild Numitor, succeeded to the crown ;
 But false Amulius, with a lawless pow'r,
 At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
 Then Ilia's valiant issue, with the sword,
 Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
 Next Romulus to people Rome contrives ;
 The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives ;
 He gives the word to seize the Sabine wives. }
 The sires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
 Bold to revenge their violated bed.
 A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
 Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name :
 'This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd,
 But death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.

The foe on this new-bought success relies,
And, silent, march the city to surprise.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine ;
But Venns countermines the vain design ;
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To send their succours : every urn they drain,
To stop the Sabines' progress, but in vain.

The Naiads now more stratagems essay ;
And kindling sulphur to each source convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,
Till from the scalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in shining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms :
The battle rages, and the field is spread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both sides consent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway.
But Tatius by Lavinian fury slain,
Great Romulus continued long to reign,

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,
And thus addresses heaven's imperial throne :

' Since the inferior world is now become
One vassal globe, and colony to Rome ;
This grace, O Jove ! for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the skies, from whence he came ;
Long hast thou promis'd an ethereal state
To Mars's lineage : and thy word is fate.'

The sire that rules the thunder with a nod
Declar'd the fiat, and dismiss'd the god.

Soon as the power armipotent survey'd
The flashing skies, the signal he obey'd ;

And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
 His fiery coursers lashing through the air;
 Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his son
 Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
 The scales of heavenly justice holding high,
 With steady hand and a discerning eye,
 Then vaults upon his car, and to the spheres
 Swift, as a flying shaft, Rome's founder bears.
 The parts more pure, in rising are refin'd,
 The gross and perishable lag behind.
 His shrine in purple vestments stands in view;
 He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ere long the goddess of the nuptial bed,
 With pity mov'd, sends Iris in her stead }
 To sad Hersilia.—Thus the meteor maid :
 ' Chaste relict! in bright truth to heaven allied,
 The Sabines' glory, and the sex's pride;
 Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
 Of such a spouse as now resides above;
 Some respite to thy killing griefs afford :
 And if thou would'st once more behold thy lord,
 Retire to yon steep mount, with groves o'erspread,
 Which with an awful gloom his temple shade.'

With fear the modest matron lifts her eyes,
 And to the bright ambadress replies :

' O goddess! yet to mortal eyes unknown,
 But sure thy various charms confess thee one :
 Oh! quick to Romulus thy votaress bear;
 With looks of love he'll smile away my care : }
 In whate'er orb he shines, my heaven is there.'

Then hastes with Iris to the holy grove,
 And up the Mount Quirinal as they move,

A lambent flame glides downward through the air,
And brightens with a blaze Hersilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they rise,
And shoot a gleam of light along the skies :
With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and press'd her to his side.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

BY DRYDEN.

A KING is sought to guide the growing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had sate.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent
To cultivate his mind; to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause.
Urg'd by his care, his country he forsook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he first inquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony, and whence he came?
Then thus a senior of the place replies
(Well read, and curious of antiquities):
'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
He sought himself some hospitable house:

Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest,
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place;
And here, he said, in time's revolving race
A rising town shall take his name from thee.
Revolving time fulfill'd the prophecy :
For Myscelos, the justest man on earth,
Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth :
Him Hereules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'ershadown'd in a dream, and thus bespoke :
" Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood ?" }
He said ; and sleep forsook him and the god.
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart ;
His country laws forbad him to depart :
What should he do ? 'Twas death to go away,
And the god menac'd if he dar'd to stay.
All day he doubted ; and when night came on,
Sleep, and the same forewarning dream, begun :
Once more the god stood threatening o'er his head,
With added curses if he disobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he studied flight ; but would convey
At once his person and his wealth away :
Thus while he linger'd his design was heard,
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence ;
Against himself the wretch was evidence :
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd :
" O Power, who hast deserv'd in heaven a throne,
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own ;
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws."

‘ A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains :
White stones and black within an urn are cast ;
The first absolve, but fate is in the last.
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death ;
The box receives all black, but, pour’d from thence,
The stones came candid forth ; the hue of innocence.
Thus Alemonides his safety won,
Preserv’d from death by Alcumena’s son :
Then to his kinsman-god his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosperous gales the’ Ionian seas :
He leaves Tarentum favour’d by the wind,
And Thurine bays and Temises behind ;
Soft Sybaris, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land ;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æsaris, and promis’d ground ;
Then saw, where on the margin of the flood
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood :
Here, by the god’s command, he built and wall’d
The place predicted, and Crotona call’d.
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure tradition of the’ Italian town.

‘ Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish’d from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear.
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could
move

With strength of mind, and tread the’ abyss above ;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths which nature hid from sight :

And what he had observ'd and learn'd from thence
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.

' The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their god's command;
While he discours'd of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause;
And what was God; and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the steadfast earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above;
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke; and charm'd his audience with his
speech.

' He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows' blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane!
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren
fill;
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill;

Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browse, and corn, and flowery meadows, feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
(Whom heaven endued with principles of blood)
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell;
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.

‘ O impious use ! to nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd :
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive ;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother-earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides ;
If men with fleshy morsels must be fed,
And chew with bloody teeth the breathing bread :
What else is this, but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts ?
We, by destroying life, our life sustain ;
And gorge the' ungodly maw with meats obscene.

‘ Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove :
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful ; and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envied first our food's simplicity,
The' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey, that other beasts destroy'd,
Or man invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justified by nature's laws,

And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers man has lawful pow'r,
But not the' extended license to devour.

' Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout, for rooting up }
The' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop, }
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope : }
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
'The' offender to the bloody priest resign'd :
Her hunger was no plea : for that she died.
The goat came next in order to be tried :
'The goat had cropp'd the tendrils of the vine : }
In vengeance laity and clergy join, }
Where one had lost his profit, one his wine. }
Here was at least some shadow of offence ; }
'The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence, }
But meek and unresisting innocence.

A patient, useful creature, born to bear [derer,
'The warm and woolly fleece that cloth'd her mur-
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.

' How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
'The promise of the year, a plenteous crop ;
When thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who till'd
And plough'd with pains thy else ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke ;
'That neck, with which the surly clods he broke ;

And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began !
 ' Nor this alone ; but, heaven itself to bribe,
We to the gods our impious acts ascribe :
First recompense with death their creatures toil,
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil :
The fairest victim must the powers appease ;
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please !)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns :
He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not 'tis his doom he hears ;
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
(The fruit and products of his labours past) ;
And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted to deprive him of his life ;
Then broken up alive, his entrails sees
Torn out, for priests to' inspect the gods' decrees.
 ' From whence, O mortal men ! this gust of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food ?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won ;
And when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast !
 Now since the god inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes ;
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies. }
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year ;
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight ;

To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
And wanting wisdom ; fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate !
‘ Those I would teach, and by right reason bring
To think of death as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness and fictitious flame ?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world that never was !
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires ;
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.

‘ Ev’n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war ;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta’s king I fell.
In Argive Juno’s fane I late beheld
My buckler, hung on high, and own’d my former
shield.

‘ Then, death, so call’d, is but old matter dress’d
In some new figure, and a varied vest :
Thus all things are but alter’d, nothing dies ;
And here and there the’ unbodied spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness disposess’d,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast ;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind ;
From tenement to tenement is toss’d,
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost :
And, as the soften’d wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves ;

Now call'd by one, now by another name ;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same :
So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,
The' immortal soul flies out in empty space,
To seek her fortune in some other place. }

' Then let not piety be put to flight
To please the taste of glutton appetite ;
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parent you expel ;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

' And since, like Typhis parting from the shore,
In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before,
This let me further add ; that nature knows
No stedfast station, but or ebbs or flows :
Ever in motion, she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mould.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux, and run
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on ;
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay ;
The flying hour is ever on her way :
And as the fountain still supplies her store,
The wave behind impels the wave before ;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new : for former things
Are set aside, like abdicated kings ;
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act, till then unknown.

' Darkness we see emerges into light,
And shining suns descend to sable night ;
Ev'n heaven itself receives another dye,
When wearied animals in slumbers lie

Of midnight ease: another, when the grey
Of morn precludes the splendour of the day.
The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the same suffusion red;
But, mounted high in his meridian race,
All bright he shines, and with a better face:
For there pure particles of ether flow,
Far from the' infection of the world below.

' Nor equal light the' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her waxing or her waning horns:
For every day she wanes, her face is less;
But, gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase.

' Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year, }
How the four seasons in four forms appear, }
Resembling human life in every shape they wear? }
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head, }
With milky juice requiring to be fed: }
Helpless though fresh, and wanting to be led. }
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes:
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets
And lavishly perfumes the fields around: [crown'd,
But no substantial nourishment receives;
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.

' Proceeding onward when the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in man, is most replete
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.

' Autumn succeeds; a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay, [grey.
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious

‘ Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face ;
His scalp, if not dishonour'd quite of hair, [bare.
The ragged fleece is thin ; and thin is worse than
Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave ;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were ;
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

‘ Time was when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man :
Then nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft coagulated mass ;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd ;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air ;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
On four feet, imitates his brother beast :
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound ;
Then walks alone ; a horseman now become,
He rides a stick, and travels round the room.
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers, [years,
Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of
He runs with mettle his first merry stage, }
Maintains the next, abated of his rage, }
But manages his strength, and spares his age. }
Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace ;
And though 'tis downhill all, but creeps along the
race.

Now, sapless, on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands;
And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Her-
cules;
Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees. }

‘ So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
Reflected on her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wondering what charms her ravishers could spy,
To force her twice, or ev’n but once to’ enjoy.
Thy teeth, devouring Time! thine, envious age!
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom’d grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morsels eat.

‘ Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that are tied;
For this eternal world is said, of old,
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then air, because unclog’d in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth subsides.

‘ All things are mix’d of these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv’d again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more,
The subtile dew in air begins to soar;
Spreads, as she flies; and, weary of her name,
Extenuates still, and changes into flame:
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun;

And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew ;
And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth below.

' Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by nature's innovating hand ;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.

' Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly :
And what we call to die, is not to' appear
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead some other bodies make :
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse ;
But death on deathless substance has no force.

' That forms are chang'd, I grant ; that nothing
Continue in the figure it began : [can
The golden age to silver was debas'd ;
To copper that ; our metal came at last.

' The face of places and their forms decay,
And that is solid earth that once was sea :
Seas, in their turn retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before ;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground :
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling still descend to level lands ;
And lakes and trembling bogs are barren sands.
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown ;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.

' Here nature living fountains opes, and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were ;

Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring
Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.
So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more ;
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Erasinus dives ; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth ;
Starts up in Argos' meads, and shakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Mysus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now disdains his head :
Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
And the proud title of Caïcus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands,
And here he threatens the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
 ' Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford
But now his deadly waters are abhor'd :
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
The Centaurs in his current wash'd their wounds.
The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
But, brackish, lose the taste they had before.
Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
Once isles, but now increase the continent ;
While the Leucadian coast, main land before,
By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
So Zancle to the Italian earth was tied,
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride ;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conquering sea.
 ' Two cities that adorn'd the Achaian ground, }
 Buris and Helice no more are found, }
 But whelm'd beneath a lake are sunk and drown'd ; }

And boatsmen through the crystal water show
To wondering passengers the walls below.

‘Near Trœzen stands a hill, expos’d in air
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare :
This once was level ground : but (strange to tell)
The’ included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and close confin’d,
In vain sought issue for the rumbling wind :
Yet still they heav’d for vent, and heaving still
Enlarg’d the concave, and shot up the hill ;
As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
Of goats are blown to’ inclose the hoarded wines :
The mountain yet retains a mountain’s face,
And gather’d rubbish heals the hollow space.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few :
What, are not springs with qualities oppos’d,
Endued at seasons, and at seasons lost ?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm :
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil’d earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a stream, if any try
The taste, his harden’d bowels petrify :
Whate’er it touches it converts to stones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.

‘Crathis, and Sybaris her sister-flood,
That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber dye the shining hair, [fair ?]
And thither youth resort : (for who would not be

‘But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
Some change not only bodies but the mind :
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
Whose waters into women soften men ?

Or Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madness, or in heavy Sleep constrain?
Clytorian streams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of the' abstemious well,)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken god;
Or that Melampus (so have some assur'd)
When the mad Præitides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and simples cast
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.

' Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce:
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate use,
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight;
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in the' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholesome beverage, but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.

' Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,
Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd:
They swam, where now they sit; and firmly join'd,
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.

Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire,
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store:) [more.
Time was, she cast no flames; in time will cast no

' For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits; she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;

When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she
makes:

Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And subtle spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur; till the fuel spent,
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.

' Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till all the matter gone
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them: and when earth denies
That food, by length of time consum'd; the fire,
Famish'd for want of fuel, must expire.

' A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers, to defend their naked sides, they take.
'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

' But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow.
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who, like their parents, haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.
The warlike steed is multiplied, we find,
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide,

And shoot his sting ; his tail in circles toss'd
 Refers the limbs his backward father lost :
 And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,
 Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
 Ev'n slime begets the frog's loquacious race ;
 Short of their feet at first, in little space
 With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take
 Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
 And waves repel : for nature gives their kind,
 To that intent, a length of legs behind.

' The cubs of bears a living lump appear
 When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
 Their mother licks them into shape, and gives
 As much of form as she herself receives.

' The grubs from their sexangular abode
 Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood :
 Trunks without limbs ; till time at leisure brings
 The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

' The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
 Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train ;
 And he that bears the' artillery of Jove,
 The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove ;
 And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
 (But that from sight, the surest sense he knows)
 They from the' included yolk, not ambient white,
 arose ?

' There are, who think the marrow of a man,
 Which in the spine, while he was living, ran ;
 When dead, the pith corrupted will become
 A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

' All these receive their birth from other things ;
 But from himself the phoenix only springs :
 Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
 In which he burn'd, another and the same ;

Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains ;
And watches the rich gum Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He, (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm : and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers ; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round, then with the spoil
Of Cassia, Cinnamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his funeral bed is
rear'd :

Funeral and bridal both, and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd.
On this incumbent, till ethereal flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame ;
Consumes him too as on the pile he lies,
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

' An infant phoenix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust ; his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain ;
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle : this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

' A wonder more amazing would we find ?
The hyæna shows it, of a double kind ;

Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin camelion, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.

‘India when conquer’d, on the conquering god
For planted vines the sharp-eyed lynx bestow’d;
Whose urine shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth :
So coral soft, and white in ocean’s bed,
Comes harden’d up in air, and glows with red.

‘All changing species should my song recite,
Before I ceas’d would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey :
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft unwarlike train.

Thus Troy for ten long years her foes withstood,
And, daily bleeding, bore the’ expense of blood :
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space, }
Or only fill’d with tombs of her own perish’d race, }
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.

‘Mycenè, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vanish’d out of substance into name ;
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise
On Tiber’s banks, in time shall mate the skies :
Widening her bounds, and working on her way,
Ev’n now she meditates imperial sway.
Yet this is change ; but she by changing thrives,
Like moons new-born, and in her cradle strives
To fill her infant-horns ; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain’d in Rome.

‘For thus old saws foretel, and Helenus
Anchises’ drooping son enliven’d thus ;
When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate :

“ O goddess-born ! with thy hard fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
In happier fields a rising town I see
Greater than whate'er was, or is, or e'er shall be :
And Heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd }
from thee.

Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn :
But from Iulus he must draw his breath,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth :
Whom Heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er since in other mould
My soul was cloth'd, and now rejoice to view
My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew ;
Rais'd by the Fall, decreed by loss to gain,
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
‘Tis time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal ;
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
All suffer change ; and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our sires or grandsires shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take ;
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast ;
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin,
If none of these, yet there's a man within :
Oh ! spare to make a Thyestæan meal,
To inclose his body, and his soul expel.

'Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice :
What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin ?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.
Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries. }
Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
Then eats the poultry, which before he fed ?
Let plough thy steers, that when they lose their
breath,
To nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter cold thy sides defend ;
But neither sprindges, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain ;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight :
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.

'Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live ;
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save,
This only just prerogative we have ;
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.
These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought ;
And thence transfer'd to Rome by gift his own,
A willing people, and an offer'd throne :

O happy monarch ! sent by Heaven to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain :
Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

THE STORY OF HIPPOLYTUS.

BY CATCOTT.

' Advanc'd in years he died ; one common date
His reign concluded, and his mortal state.
Their tears plebeians and patricians shed,
And pious matrons wept their monarch dead.
His mournful wife, her sorrows to bewail,
Withdrew from Rome, and sought th' Arician vale.
Hid in thick woods, she made incessant moans,
Disturbing Cynthia's sacred rites with groans.
How oft the nymphs, who rul'd the wood and lake,
Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort spake;
How oft, in vain, the Son of Theseus said,
" Thy stormy sorrows be with patience laid ;
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone,
Weigh others' woes, and learn to bear thine own.
Be mine an instance to assuage thy grief : [lief."
Would mine were none!—yet mine may bring re-
' You've heard, perhaps, in conversation told,
What once befel Hippolytus of old ;
To death by Theseus' easy faith betray'd,
And caught in snares his wicked stepdame laid.
The wondrous tale your credit scarce may claim,
Yet (strange to say) in me behold the same ;
Whom lustful Phædra oft had press'd, in vain,
With impious joys my father's bed to stain ;

Till seiz'd with fear, or by revenge inspir'd,
 She charg'd on me the crimes herself desir'd;
 Expell'd by Theseus, from his home I fled
 With heaps of curses on my guiltless head.
 Forlorn I sought Pitthëan Træzen's land,
 And drove my chariot o'er Corinthus' strand;
 When from the surface of the level main
 A billow rising, heav'd above the plain;
 Rolling and gathering, till so high it swell'd,
 A mountain's height the' enormous mass excell'd;
 Then bellowing, burst; when from the summit
 A horned bull his ample chest upheav'd. [cleav'd,
 His mouth and nostrils, storms of briny rain,
 Expiring, blew. Dread horror seiz'd my train.
 I stood unmov'd. My father's cruel doom
 Claim'd all my soul, nor fear could find a room.
 Amaz'd awhile my trembling coursers stood,
 With prick'd-up ears, contemplating the flood;
 Then starting sudden from the dreadful view,
 At once, like lightning, from the seas they flew,
 And o'er the craggy rocks the rattling chariot
 drew.

In vain to stop the hot-mouth'd steeds I tried,
 And bending backward all my strength applied;
 The frothy foam in driving flakes distains
 The bits and bridles, and bedews the reins.
 But though, as yet untam'd they run, at length
 Their heady rage had tir'd beneath my strength;
 When in the spokes a stump entangling, tore,
 The shatter'd wheel, and from its axle bore.
 The shock impetuous tost me from the seat
 Caught in the reins beneath my horses' feet;
 My recking guts drag'd out alive, around
 The jagged stump my trembling nerves were wound;

Then stretch'd the well-knit limbs, in pieces hal'd,
 Part stuck behind, and part the chariot trail'd;
 Till midst my crackling joints and breaking bones,
 I breath'd away my wearied soul in groans.
 No part distinguish'd from the rest was found,
 But all my parts an universal wound.

' Now say, self-tortur'd nymph, can you compare
 Our griefs as equal, or in justice dare?
 I saw besides the darksome realms of woe,
 And bath'd my wounds in smoking streams below.
 There I had stay'd, nor second life enjoy'd,
 But Pæan's son his wondrous art employ'd:
 To light restor'd, by medicinal skill,
 In spite of fate, and rigid Pluto's will.
 The' invidious object to preserve from view,
 A misty cloud around me Cynthia threw;
 And, lest my sight should stir my foes to rage,
 She stamp'd my visage with the marks of age.
 My former hue was chang'd, and for it shown
 A set of features, and a face unknown.
 Awhile the goddess stood in doubt, or Crete
 Or Delos' isle, to choose for my retreat.
 Delos and Crete refus'd, this wood she chose,
 Bade me my former luckless name depose,
 Which kept alive the memory of my woes;
 Then said, " Immortal life be thine! and thou,
 Hippolytus once call'd, be Virbius now."
 Here then a god, but of the' inferior race,
 I serve my goddess, and attend her chase.'

EGERIA TRANSFORMED TO A FOUNTAIN.

But others' woes were useless to appease
 Egeria's grief, or set her mind at ease;

Beneath the hill all comfortless she laid,
The dropping tears her eyes incessant shed,
Till pitying Phœbe eas'd her pious woe,
Thaw'd to a spring, whose streams for ever flow.

The nymphs and Virbius, like amazement fill'd,
As seiz'd the swains, who Tyrrhene furrows till'd;
When heaving up, a clod was seen to roll,
Untouch'd, self-mov'd, and big with human soul.
The spreading mass in former shape depos'd,
Began to shoot, and arms and legs disclos'd,
Till form'd a perfect man, the living mold
Op'd its new mouth, and future truths foretold;
And Tages nam'd by natives of the place,
Taught arts prophetic to the Tuscan race.

Or such as once by Romulus was shown,
Who saw his lance with sprouting leaves o'ergrown,
When fix'd in earth the point began to shoot,
And growing downward turn'd a fibrous root:
While spread aloft, the branching arms display'd,
O'er wondering crowds, an unexpected shade.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

BY DR. GARTH.

Or as when Cippus in the current view'd
The shooting horns that on his forehead stood;
His temples first he feels, and with surprise
His touch confirms the' assurance of his eyes.
Straight to the skies his horned front he rears,
And to the gods directs these pious pray'rs.

' If this portent be prosperous, O decree
To Rome the' event; if otherwise, to me!
An altar then of turf he hastes to raise,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;

The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a mystery.
Soon as the augur saw the holy fire,
And victims with presaging signs expire ;
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,
And views the horny honours of his head :
Then cried, ' Hail, conqueror ! thy call obey,
Those omens I behold presage thy sway.
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy sovereign power as fate's decree.'

He said—and Cippus, starting at the event,
Spoke in these words his pious discontent :

' Far hence, ye gods ! this execration send,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhor'd,
Than ere the capitol should style me lord.'

This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the senate next convenes, and said :

' If augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,
Design'd by destiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns (most strange to tell) his temples crown ;
If ere he pass the walls and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
And liberty must yield to lawless pow'r.
Your gates he might have entered, but this arm
Seiz'd the usurper, and withheld the harm.
Haste, find the monster out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree ;
Or tied in chains, or into exile thrown,
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.'

The crowd such murmurs utter as they stand,
As swelling surges breaking on the strand :
Or as when gathering gales sweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move :

Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began
 To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
 Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries,
 'The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.'

The anxious throng look'd down, and sad in
 thought,
 All wish'd they had not found the sign they sought:
 In haste with laurel-wreaths his head they bind;
 Such honour to such virtue was assign'd.
 Then thus the senate—'Hear, O Cippus! hear;
 So godlike is thy tutelary care,
 That since in Rome thyself forbids thy stay,
 For thy abode those acres we convey [day. }
 The ploughshare can surround, the labour of a }
 In deathless records thou shalt stand enroll'd,
 And Rome's rich posts shall shine with horns of gold.

THE OCCASION OF ÆSCULAPIUS BEING BROUGHT
 TO ROME.

BY WELSTED.

Melodious maids of Pindus! who inspire
 The flowing strains, and tune the vocal lyre;
 Tradition's secrets are unlock'd to you,
 Old tales revive, and ages past renew;
 You, who can hidden causes best expound,
 Say, whence the isle which Tiber flows around,
 Its altars with a heavenly stranger grac'd,
 And in our shrines the god of physic plac'd.

A wasting plague infected Latium's skies;
 Pale bloodless looks were seen, with ghastly eyes;
 The dire disease's marks each visage wore,
 And the pure blood was chang'd to putrid gore:
 In vain were human remedies applied;
 In vain the power of healing herbs was tried:

Wearied with death, they seek celestial aid,
And visit Phœbus in his Delphic shade.
In the world's centre sacred Delphos stands,
And gives its oracles to distant lands :
Here they implore the god, with fervent vows, }
His salutary power to interpose, }
And end a great afflicted city's woes.
The holy temple sudden tremors prov'd ;
The laurel-grove and all its quivers mov'd :
(In hollow sounds the priestess thus began ;
And through each bosom thrilling horrors ran)
' The' assistance, Roman ! which you here implore,
Seek from another, and a nearer shore ;
Relief must be implor'd, and succour won,
Not from Apollo, but Apollo's son ;
My son, to Latium born, shall bring redress :
Go with good omens, and expect success.'
When these clear oracles the senate knew,
The sacred tripod's counsels they pursue ;
Depute a pious and a chosen band,
Who sail to Epidaurus' neighbouring land.
Before the Grecian elders when they stood,
They pray 'em to bestow the healing god :
' Ordain'd was he to save Ausonia's state ;
So promis'd Delphos, and unerring fate.'
Opinions various their debates enlarge :
Some plead to yield to Rome the sacred charge ;
Others, tenacious of their country's wealth,
Refuse to grant the power, who guards its health.
While dubious they remain'd, the wasting light
Withdrew before the growing shades of night ;
Thick darkness now obscur'd the dusky skies :
Now, Roman, clos'd in sleep were mortal eyes,

When health's auspicious god appears to thee,
 And thy glad dreams his form celestial see :
 In his left hand, a rural staff preferr'd,
 His right is seen to stroke his decent beard.
 'Dismiss,' said he, with mildness all divine,
 'Dismiss your fears ; I come, and leave my shrine.
 This serpent view, that with ambitious play
 My staff encircles, mark him every way ;
 His form, though larger, nobler, I'll assume,
 And chang'd, as gods should be, bring aid to Rome.'
 Here fled the vision, and the vision's flight
 Was follow'd by the cheerful dawn of light.

Now was the morn with blushing streaks o'er-
 spread,
 And all the starry fires of heaven were fled ;
 The chiefs perplex'd, and fill'd with doubtful care,
 To their protector's sumptuous roofs repair :
 By genuine signs implore him to express
 What seats he deigns to choose, what land to bless :
 Scarce their ascending prayers had reach'd the sky ;
 Lo, the serpentine god, erected high !
 Forerunning hissings his approach confess'd ;
 Bright shone his golden scales, and wav'd his lofty
 The trembling altar his appearance spoke ; [crest.
 The marble floor and glittering ceiling shook ;
 The doors were rock'd ; the statue seem'd to nod ;
 And all the fabric own'd the present god :
 His radiant chest he taught aloft to rise,
 And round the temple cast his flaming eyes :
 Struck was the' astonish'd crowd ; the holy priest
 (His temples with white bands of ribbon dress'd) }
 With reverent awe the power divine confess'd ! }
 'The god! the god!' he cries, 'all tongues be still!
 Each conscious breast devoutest ardour fill !

O beauteous ! O divine ! assist our cares,
And be propitious to thy votaries prayers !
All with consenting hearts and pious fear
The words repeat, the deity revere :
The Romans in their holy worship join'd,
With silent awe and purity of mind :
Gracious to them, his crest is seen to nod,
And, as an earnest of his care, the god,
Thrice hissing, vibrates thrice his forked tongue,
And now the smooth descent he glides along :
Still on the ancient seats he bends his eyes,
In which his statue breathes, his altars rise ;
His long-lov'd shrine with kind concern he leaves,
And to forsake the' accustom'd mansion grieves ;
At length his sweeping bulk in state is borne
Through the throng'd streets, which scatter'd flowers
adorn ;

Through many a fold he winds his mazy course,
And gains the port and moles which break the
ocean's force.

'Twas here he made a stand, and having view'd
The pious train, who his last steps pursued,
Seem'd to dismiss their zeal with gracious eyes,
While gleams of pleasure in his aspect rise.

And now the Latian vessel he ascends ;
Beneath the weighty god the vessel bends :
The Latins on the strand great Jove appease,
Their cables loose, and plough the yielding seas :
The high-rear'd serpent from the stern displays
His gorgeous form, and the blue deep surveys ;
The ship is wafted on with gentle gales,
And o'er the calm Ionian smoothly sails ;
On the sixth morn the' Italian coast they gain,
And touch Lacinia, grac'd with Juno's fane :

Now fair Calabria to the sight is lost,
And all the cities on her fruitful coast :
They pass at length the rough Sicilian shore,
The Brutian soil, rich with metallic ore,
The famous isles where Æolus was king,
And Pæstus, blooming with eternal spring.
Minerva's cape they leave, and Caprea's isle,
Campania, on whose hills the vineyards smile ;
The city, which Alcides' spoils adorn,
Naples, for soft delight and pleasure born ;
Fair Stabiæ, with Cumean sybils' seats,
And Baia's tepid baths, and green retreats :
Linternum next they reach, where balmy gums
Distil from mastic trees, and spread perfumes :
Cajeta, from the nurse so nam'd, for whom
With pious care Æneas rais'd a tomb. [sands ;
Vulturne, whose whirlpools suck the numerous
And Trachas, and Minturnæ's marshy lands,
And Formia's coast is left, and Circe's plain,
Which yet remembers her enchanting reign ;
To Antium last his course the pilot guides :
Here, while the anchor'd vessel safely rides,
(For now the ruffled deep portends a storm)
The spiry god unfolds his spheric form,
Through large indentings draws his lubric train,
And seeks the refuge of Apollo's fane ;
The fane is situate on the yellow shore :—
When the sea smil'd, and the winds rag'd no more,
He leaves his father's hospitable lands,
And furrows, with his rattling scales, the sands
Along the coast ; at length the ship regains,
And sails to Tibur, and Lavinium's plains.
Here mingling crowds to meet their patron came,
Ev'n the chaste guardians of the Vestal flame,

From every part tumultuous they repair,
And joyful acclamations rend the air :
Along the flowery banks, on either side,
Where the tall ship floats on the swelling tide,
Dispos'd in decent order altars rise ;
And crackling incense, as it mounts the skies,
The air with sweets refreshes ; while the knife,
Warm with the victim's blood, lets out the stream-
ing life. [now ;

The world's great mistress, Rome, receives him
On the mast's top reclin'd he waves his brow,
And from that height surveys the great abodes
And mansions, worthy of residing gods.
The land a narrow neck, itself extends,
Round with his course the stream divided bends ;
The stream's two arms, on either side, are seen
Stretch'd out in equal length ; the land between.
The isle, so call'd, from hence derives its name :
'Twas here the salutary serpent came ;
Nor sooner has he left the Latian pine,
But he assumes again his form divine ;
And now no more the drooping city mourns,
Joy is again restor'd, and health returns.

THE DEIFICATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

But Æsculapius was a foreign pow'r ;
In his own city Cæsar we adore :
Him arms and arts alike renown'd beheld,
In peace conspicuous, dreadful in the field ;
His rapid conquests, and swift finish'd wars,
The hero justly fix'd among the stars ;
Yet is his progeny his greatest fame :
The son immortal makes the father's name.

The sea-girt Britons, by his courage tam'd,
For their high rocky cliffs and fierceness fam'd ;
His dreadful navies, which victorious rode
O'er Nile's affrighted waves and seven-sourc'd flood :
Numidia, and the spacious realms regain'd ;
Where Cinyphus or flows, or Juba reign'd :
The powers of titled Mithridates broke,
And Pontus added to the Roman yoke ;
Triumphal shows decreed, for conquests won,
For conquests, which the triumphs still outshone.
These are great deeds ; yet less than to have giv'n
The world a lord, in whom, propitious heaven !
When you decreed the sovereign rule to place,
You bless'd with lavish bounty human race.

Now, lest so great a prince might seem to rise
Of mortal stem, his sire must reach the skies :
The beauteous goddess, that Æneas bore,
Foresaw it, and foreseeing did deplore ;
For well she knew her hero's fate was nigh,
Devoted by conspiring arms to die.
Trembling and pale, to every god she cried,
' Behold, what deep and subtle arts are tried
To end the last, the only branch that springs
From my Iulus, and the Dardan kings !
How bent they are, how desperate to destroy
All that is left me of unhappy Troy !
Am I alone by fate ordain'd to know
Uninterrupted care, and endless woe ?
Now from Tydides' spear I feel the wound ;
Now Ilium's towers the hostile flames surround ;
Troy laid in dust, my exil'd son I mourn,
Through angry seas and raging billows borne ;
O'er the wide deep his wandering course he bends ;
Now to the sullen shades of Styx descends ;

With Turnus driv'n at last fierce wars to wage,
Or rather with unpitying Juno's rage.
But why record I now my ancient woes ?
Sense of past ills in present fears I lose ;
On me their points the impious daggers throw ;
Forbid it, gods ! repel the direful blow :
If by curs'd weapons Numa's priest expires,
No longer shall ye burn, ye vestal fires.'

While such complainings Cypria's grief disclose,
In each celestial breast compassion rose.
Not gods can alter fate's resistless will ;
Yet they foretold by signs the' approaching ill.
Dreadful were heard, among the clouds, alarms
Of echoing trumpets and of clashing arms ;
The sun's pale image gave so faint a light,
That the sad earth was almost veil'd in night ;
The Æther's face with fiery meteors glow'd,
With storms of hail were mingled drops of blood ;
A dusky hue the morning star o'erspread,
And the moon's orb was stain'd with spots of red ;
In every place portentous shrieks were heard,
The fatal warnings of the' infernal bird ;
In every place the marble melts to tears ;
While in the groves, rever'd through length of years,
Boding and awful sounds the ear invade,
And solemn music warbles through the shade ;
No victim can atone the impious age,
No sacrifice the wrathful gods assuage ;
Dire wars and civil fury threat the state,
And every omen points out Cæsar's fate ;
Around each hallow'd shrine, and sacred dome,
Night-howling dogs disturb the peaceful gloom ;
Their silent seats the wandering shades forsake,
And fearful tremblings the rock'd city shake.

Yet could not by these prodigies be broke
The plotted charm, or stay'd the fatal stroke ;
Their swords the' assassins in the temple draw ;
Their murdering hands nor gods nor temples awe ;
This sacred place their bloody weapons stain,
And virtue falls, before the altar slain.
'Twas now fair Cypria, with her woes oppress'd,
In raging anguish smote her heavenly breast ;
Wild with distracting fears, the goddess tried
Her hero in the' ethereal cloud to hide ;
The cloud which youthful Paris did conceal,
When Menelaus urg'd the threatening steel ;
The cloud, which once deceiv'd Tydides' sight,
And sav'd Eneas in the' unequal fight .

When Jove—' In vain, fair daughter, you essay
To o'er-rule destiny's unconquer'd sway :
Your doubts to banish, enter Fate's abode,
A privilege to heavenly powers allow'd ;
There shall you see the records grav'd, in length,
On iron and solid brass, with mighty strength ;
Which heaven's and earth's concussion shall endure,
Maugre all shocks, eternal and secure :
There, on perennial adamant design'd,
The various fortunes of your race you'll find :
Well I have mark'd 'em, and will now relate
To thee the settled laws of future fate.
He, goddess, for whose death the fates you blame,
Has finish'd his determin'd course with fame :
To thee 'tis given, at length, that he shall shine
Among the gods, and grace the worship'd shrine ;
His son to all his greatness shall be heir,
And worthily succeed to empire's care :
Ourselves will lead his wars, resolv'd to aid
The brave avenger of his father's shade.

To him its freedom Mutina shall owe,
And Decius his auspicious conduct know;
His dreadful powers shall shake Pharsalia's plain,
And drench in gore Philippi's fields again :
A mighty leader, in Sicilia's flood,
Great Pompey's warlike son, shall be subdued:
Egypt's soft queen, adorn'd with fatal charms,
Shall mourn her soldiers' unsuccessful arms :
Too late shall find her swelling hopes were vain,
And know, that Rome o'er Memphis still must reign!
What name I Afric, or Nile's hidden head?
For as both oceans roll his power shall spread :
All the known earth to him shall homage pay,
And the seas own his universal sway.
When cruel war no more disturbs mankind,
To civil studies shall he bend his mind,
With equal justice guardian laws ordain,
And by his great example vice restrain :
Where will his bounty or his goodness end?
To times unborn his generous views extend ;
The virtues of his heir our praise engage,
And promise blessings to the coming age :
Late shall he in his kindred orbs be plac'd,
With Pylion years and crowded honours grac'd.
Meantime, your hero's fleeting spirit bear,
Fresh from his wounds, and change it to a star :
So shall great Julius rites divine assume,
And from the skies eternal smile on Rome.'

This spoke ; the goddess to the senate flew ;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her Cæsar's heavenly part she made her care,
Nor left the recent soul to waste to air ;
But bore it upwards to its native skies :
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise ;

Forth springing from her bosom up it flew,
And, kindling as it soar'd, a comet grew:
Above the lunar sphere it took its flight,
And shot behind it a long trail of light.

THE REIGN OF AUGUSTUS, IN WHICH OVID
FLOURISHED.

Thus rais'd, his glorious offspring Julius view'd,
Beneficently great, and scattering good;
Deeds, that his own surpass'd, with joy beheld,
And his large heart dilates to be excell'd.
What though this prince refuses to receive
The preference which his juster subjects give;
Fame uncontroll'd, that no restraint obeys, }
The homage, shun'd by modest virtue, pays; }
And proves disloyal only in his praise.
Though great his sire, him greater we proclaim;
So Atreus yields to Agamemnon's fame:
Achilles so superior honours won,
And Peleus must submit to Peleus' son.
Examples yet more noble to disclose,
So Saturn was eclips'd, when Jove to empire rose;
Jove rules the heavens, the earth Augustus sways;
Each claims a monarch's and a father's praise.

Celestials! who for Rome your cares employ!
Ye gods! who guarded the remains of Troy;
Ye native gods! here born, and fix'd by Fate;
Quirinus, founder of the Roman state;
O parent Mars! from whom Quirinus sprung;
Chaste Vesta! Cæsar's household gods among
Most sacred held; domestic Phœbus! thou,
To whom with Vesta chaste alike we bow;
Great guardian of the high Tarpeian rock;
And all ye powers, whom poets may invoke;

O grant, that day may claim our sorrows late,
When lov'd Augustus shall submit to fate,
Visit those seats where gods and heroes dwell;
And leave in tears the world he rul'd so well!

THE POET CONCLUDES.

The work is finish'd, which nor dreads the rage
Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age;
Come, soon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
This mortal being only can decay;
My nobler part, my fame, shall reach the skies,
And to late times with blooming honours rise.
Whate'er the' unbounded Roman power obeys,
All climes and nations shall record my praise;
If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.

FINIS.